THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO ROSA H——.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The Queen Rose of the Rosebud garden of girls,
Queen Rose and Lily in one."

'Tis true, love, to satisfy ME,
A trial the artist might find,
For I look in your picture to see,
Not your features alone, but your mind.

A stranger contented to seek
But the gleam of your bright golden hair,
The rose's red hue on your cheek,
Its white on your forehead so fair—

Might find from the painter's skilled touch
A semblance most witching to see—
The sweet damask bud of your mouth,
Your eyes' hazel light there might be.

But for one who has seen your face bright
As a Peri's in Eden's blest bound,
And sad with the quest of a soul
Searching truth it has never yet found,

The pencils that paint must be plumes
From Love's own immortal wings clipped;
In blushes yet rosy and warm,
And sunshine of loving eyes dipped!

CLARA VON MOSCHZISKER.

THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

A Tale of Saxon Times.

[Jousts, Tilts, Tourneys, and Passages of Arms, as often for recreation as to decide personal quarrels, were known under different names, in ancient times. For centuries, from the date of the Conquest, the chief of all amusements was the tournament. The origin of these great military spectacles is lost in the darkness of the middle ages, but we find that they were practised in France and Normandy previous to the Norman conquest of England. Except during the reign of William and his immediate successors, who forbade the exhibition, the pageants continued to flourish and rise rapidly into importance; but the science of tilting, as it may be called, did not come into full development till the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, at which time tournaments had acquired the dimensions of grand, stately, and, indeed, of national pageants, in fact, institutions—a part and parcel of the chivalry of the age that produced them.

The date of the following tale is the first half of the eleventh century, during the reign of the Confessor, and the scene is supposed to lie in the West of England:]

THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

"Help! murder! call the franklin. Holy Father, what a sight! Stark and cold. Murder! help!—he is dead! Alack! Alack! dead. Where are you, Siward, Oswald, Rudolph, Rollo of the bloody hand, where are you? Help, murder, I say!" exclaimed Karle, the swineherd, as he rushed homewards, bounding over the crisp snow, that lay in places many feet deep, and cracking the thong of his iron-knotted whip, as an alarm of danger, as he floundered on his way to the long, irregular mansion of Cedric Wolfhart, the Saxon thane, or franklin, of the district.

"A pestilence on thee for a brawling knave; what means this clamor, thou nidering fool?" demanded Cedric Wolfhart, as, attracted by the exclamations of the swineherd, he left the hall, and stood under the low porch that led to the interior. "Stop cracking thy whip, or by the thundering Thor, I'll have its knotted thong laid on thine own hide, thou born thrall. Speak, hast thou lost thy swine?"

"Alack, master; well-a-day, good Cedric," replied the menial, tying his whip across his breast. "Worse than that; murder, murder, is the matter! Alack-a-day! woe had alack!"

"What means the thrall? Who talks of murder? Where? On whom? Leave wringing thy hands, or I'll have thee scourged like a hound. Speak!"

"Oh, worshipful Cedric, pardon my fear! Oh, the murder—so fearful—so—"

"An thou longer anger me with thy prating, I'll have thy slave hide flayed into ribbons."

"Noble Cedric, pardon, and I will—but, ah, woe the day! I'll speak, worshipful lord," he cried, suddenly, as he observed his master's impatient gesture.

"I had driven the swine into the Nether Hurst, where I knew there was good store of mast and pannage (nuts and food for pigs,) the snow, by reason of the lacing trees, being but scanty spread over the bosky ground."

"Go on, or I'll cudgel thy tongue into a livelier pace, thou caitiff churl. Wilt mend thy pace?" raising his hand threateningly.

"While my hogs, noble Cedric, were rooting up their pannage, a couple of boars had gotten into a gully, where the drift lay deep, and worked so quick, that when I came to the gully—oh, noble Cedric; oh, woeful day! What wot you I saw before me?—oh, doleful sight!"

"Out on the pestilent cur; speak, or, by great Thor, I'll brain thy addled pate."

"I do, great franklin, I do," stammered the herd, still under the fear of what he had so recently seen. "I turned my eyes, and there in the gully, cleared all round by the rooting hogs, lay—alack, woe, and aday! there—"

"Cowardly knave, what lay there? Speak."

"Oh, woeful sight! our young lord, Alfred Atherling, stark and dead with a knife up to the haft in his heart. Oh, woe! woe! woe!"

"Dead!" ejaculated the franklin, staggering back aghast at the words of his thrall. "Dead! 'Tis beyond all credence—impossible!"

"Murdered, slain! a piteous spectacle. Stark on his back, with open eyes fearful to see. Oh, woe and sorrow on the house of Wolfhart."

"My nephew slain, my sister's son ruthlessly murdered! If so, by heaven, the earth shall not hold the murderer. But where, when, answer?" he cried, with sudden energy striding forward.

"Even now, I have barely breathed since leaving the piteous sight, down in the Nether Hurst, among the mast and pannage, not a score of perches hence."

Cedric hardly waited for the finish of the swineherd's speech, before, seizing an immense horn that hung from the porch by an iron chain, he blew a blast so loud and deafening, that from every quarter of the premises hasty feet were heard hurrying in the direction of the signal notes.

"Swift, haste all of you to the Nether Hurst, follow the swineherd," cried Cedric, as some score of thralls, serfs, and retainers, gathered in a moment round their chief, as, with looks of keenest perturbation, he addressed the wondering throng—

"My sister's child has been foully murdered in the Home Croft. Bring the body to the hall, quick; and look you, search the land well, and bring before my face him whose dastard hand has done this foul and bloody deed. Away, for I will take a fearful vengeance on him who has wrought this dread mischance. Follow the thrall, and bring the body to my hearth-stone."

And with an impatient gesture, the franklin dismissed his terrified serfs and attendants, while with muttered oaths and hasty strides, far beyond what might have been expected at his years, the lord of the domain walked hurriedly up and down, in front of his Saxon homestead.

"Great Cedric, thy noble kinsman," began one of the attendants, respectfully addressing the fiery and impatient Saxon, as he continued his agitated strides, bare-headed, in front of the house.

"Well, what would'st say; murdered on his uncle's own croft, foully, dastardly, bellishly murdered? What would'st say? Speak!"

"The body hath been brought to the hall, and all thy kinsmen and friends are waiting thy presence to inquire into the cause of the gallant Atheling's murder," replied the man addressed. "Shall I say the franklin will come?"

"Even so; we are with thee already. Say we come." And with a wave of the hand dismissing the serf, Cedric Wolfhart, lost in deep reflection, turned from the front of the building and proceeded to the rear, to gain his chamber and don his ermined robe of office, before descending to investigate the cause of his beloved kinsman's death.

The scene that presented itself as the venerable Saxon entered the great hall was grand and picturesque in the extreme.

In the centre of the hall, or great apartment, was the reredos, or raised fireplace, on which two ornamented bars of iron, called *dogs*, received the heavy logs of wood that supplied the immense fire that was kept burning, and the smoke from which, after hanging in a dense cloud above the heads of the inmates, finally found egress through an opening in the roof directly above the fire.

Lying on the board, that ran down one side of the apartment, was the body of a young Saxon noble, with the weapon that had deprived him of life still standing with ghastly distinctness out of the breast of the murdered franklin.

Gouts of blood, frozen black as ink, stained in places the rich attire in which the youthful Saxon was dressed, and with masses of ice and snow adhering to the long flowing hair, or the cross quartering of his shapely limbs, added to the sorrowing and painful sight.

Herdsmen and mechanics, with thralls and serfs of all degrees and rank, took up their station behind the extended corpse, while women and children thronged the opposite side of the ancient hall.

Some half dozen of the sons, kindred, and friends of Cedric Wolfhart were, with the lady and daughters of the house, gathered behind the franklin, who was seated in a carved oak chair a short distance in front of the murdered youth, on whom every eye was bent in grief and horror.

"Is there ne'er a thrall or servant of you all," observed Cedric, lifting his head from his hand, gazing wistfully on the body, and breaking the oppressive silence, "can tell to whom that dagger belongs? Nay, touch it not!" he cried quickly, as several stepped nearer the table to examine the weapon. "Touch it not; for by Thor's dread hammer, and the blessed rood within the crucifix," he added, with deep reverence, as he held the sacred symbol up to heaven, "and by my soul's eternal welfare, I swear that no hand but that which struck the dastard blow shall draw it, from its bloody sheath; nay, may heaven so assoil me in its last judgment, but I will smite the doer of this foul deed, though he were my own kith, and bound to my heart by Nature's closest ties."

"I know the weapon well."

"Nay, I'll swear to haft and shield," observed two of the servitors behind the table.

"Rudolph of Aspen, and thou son Ulrick; look, an' you have ever seen a dagger hilt of such shape and cunning work." And Cedric motioned to two of those behind him to examine the dagger.

"When was it our nephew set forth for the holy shrine of Glastonbury?" he inquired, when his son and kinsman had declared their inability to speak on the ownership of the dagger.

"He left at noon, three days since."

"Did no one see him depart?"

"I gave him his horse, noble Cedric," replied one of the stable thralls. "And as he did not mount, being in the company of the young franklin, Eldred Steinhold, I was curious which way he would wend."

"In company of Eldred Steinhold, the young thane of Wenlock?" demanded Cedric, in evident surprise.

"Even so; and noting they took the road to the Home Croft, I gathered, by their not crossing the Barrow Downs, that they had gone by the Nether Hurst Wood."

"I have my grip on thy throttle, and will keep it there, till thou art 'quitted by our noble franklin, Cedric of Wolfhart; so peace, for you budge not," exclaimed Karle the swineherd, as, pushing open the hall door, he entered, dragging after him a richly attired young Saxon noble, and with small courtesy forcing him down the hall, till he had placed him before the face of his master.

"Eldred Steinhold!" cried Cedric, rising in some astonishment, "your presence here is right welcome, though, by my certes, not looked for"

"It had been more meet and courtly had the franklin, Cedric of the Wold, sent to bid his friend to the hall, than have him seized like a ruffler, and haled by a menial to his presence," replied Eldred, indignantly.

"I sent for thee not," answered Cedric, resuming his seat.

"Why, then, does a base-born thrall of yours insult my blood and person with ruffian hands, and drag me here unquestioned and unrebuked?"

"It shall be answered, doubt it not. Speak, Karle of the Kilns, why hast thou haled hither Eldred Steinhold?" demanded Cedric.

"Because he can tell the noble franklin about Alfred Atheling."

"'Tis well. Speak, then."

"I—I know nought about the youth. Who dares say other?"

"Thou shalt hear anon. When did'st thou last see my nephew, for you opine we have lost him?"

"I know not when last we met; but lost he cannot be, for he was bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of holy Glastonbury."

"He told you this himself, as you walked with him through the wood of Nether Hurst?"

"Who says I did? 'tis some audacious knave, who lies deep as his throat. The perjured hound should be well whipped."

"Let that pass, and turn thine eyes, Eldred of Steinhold, on yonder table."

With a haughty look of defiance the young franklin turned his body slowly round, and, as directed, bent his eyes on the table and its ghastly burthen.

The next moment, with a countenance from which all vestige of color had fled, and an ejaculation of terror on his lips, he staggered back, and turned away his head with a sense of deadly fear.

"Here! dead! what mean you?" he stammered, in evident confusion, turning away his eyes from both the resolute look of the indignant friends and from the harrowing spectacle before him.

"What, what is it you purpose?"

"To inquire into the cause of his death; and, finding by whose hand he lost his life, give his murderer up to all the penalties of justice."

"Can Eldred Steinhold tell us who owned the dagger there buried in his heart?" inquired Rudolph of Aspen, pointing to the breast of the corpse.

"Who questions me on such a subject?" demanded Eldred, confronting the speaker with a deep frown.

"I do. I, Rudolph of Aspen."

"And I, Ulrick of Wolfhart, the sworn avenger of my murdered cousin."

"Look on the hilt of the weapon, and say if thou knowest the scabbard to which it belongs," and Cedric pointed authoritatively to the body.

"Do you order me, Cedric of Wolfhart?"

"I do; and as thou wert the last one seen in my nephew's company, thou art bound, in respect to thine own honor, to throw all the light thou can'st on this foul deed."

"I—I—know it not," stammered Eldred, after bestowing a hasty glance on the protruding weapon.

"Where, then, is thine own dagger?" exclaimed Ulrick, pointing to the empty scabbard, that at the moment dropped from the breast of the doublet, and hung by its gold chain from his embroidered baldric.

"Where? for see, the sheath's empty?"

With a murmur of surprise and indignation, all eyes were turned, and every finger pointed at the empty scabbard of Eldred.

"'Tis false, I have it here," he stammered in deep confusion, as he felt nervously along the sheath, "nay, I remember me, I dropped it in the chase—lost it; true, lost it, lost it on the feast of St. ——"

"Where! in Wield or Wold? Where," demanded a dozen angry voices, "where was it lost?"

"I lost it, I now remember well," Eldred exclaimed suddenly, but in great confusion, "I lost it in the wood of the Nether Hurst. No! no! no! not the wood, I meant not that; 'was in the Clough, near the glebe close—'twas—"

"In the gully of the Nether Hurst," cried Ulrick; "but to end this question, we'll try the fitting of the blade and scabbard," and drawing the dagger from the body of the murdered man before those around could understand the intention of the speaker, he grasped Eldred's empty scabbard, and inserting the blood-stained blade, sheathed it with a spring, and pointing with a smile of triumph, exclaimed—

"See, there stands the self-confessed murderer, the dastard slayer of my brave cousin Alfred Atheling."

"Cut him to pieces! Down with the assassin coward! death to the murderers!" shouted the group of kinsmen and friends, as they drew their swords and sprang forward in their rage.

"Stand back, or by great Asa's curse, I'll cleave the first to the chine who lifts a sword against Eldred of Steinhold!" cried the aged franklin, as throwing himself before the accused, he dashed his son Ulrick's sword aside, and confronted the threatening blades and frowning looks of those before him.

"Up with your brands, audacious boys; sheathe every sword, or by him who holds the keys of heaven, I'll cut a bloody cross on those who beard my wrath. Back, Rudolph Ulrick, put up."

In obedience to the authoritative commands of their chief, the sons and kinsmen reluctantly fell back, and sheathing their swords, gazed scowlingly on the man they believed had basely murdered their kinsman.

Eldred, on his part, had, in the first rush of his assailants, partly turned, and laying his hand on his sword, was in a measure ready to defend his life; but, on seeing the retirement of his vindictive antagonist, he drove home the half-drawn weapon, and recovering his original attitude, demanded, with an ill-assumed haughtiness of manner,

"What further has the franklin Cedric to say to Eldred the Thane?"

And he partly turned, as if about to stalk forward and leave the hall; at the first indication of his object, however, a line of pikes and brownbills was levelled in front of the entrance to dispute his passage, while Cedric motioned him to remain, with as proud and calm a gesture as if nothing had occurred to excite the animosity or the passions of those around.

"Had Alfred Atheling been one of my meanest thralls, doomed to the iron collar of a born slave," and the Saxon lord pointed to the neck of Karle and many of his order behind the table, round whose throats the iron ring of servitude, with the name of the thrall, and to whom he belonged, was plainly visible, "and had a thrall been so done to death, I would have taken a full meed of vengeance for his loss; but for my blood-kin, my orphan nephew, to whom I stand as sire and guardian, I will—so hear me all the

saints in Heaven—exact a full account upon his dastard slayer."

"And who shall hinder you, when he is found, and rightly judged the assassin?" retorted Eldred, assuming a courage his blanched cheeks but ill confirmed.

"No one; and as thou, Eldred Steinhold, stand in the position of a suspect—"

"I suspected of plotting harm to my known friend!" rejoined the accused, with an indignant frown. "'Tis monstrous; what cause had I of enmity with the young Athelings?"

"Was it not notorious thou did'st affect to win the hand and broad domain of Eudocia Athelstane, the affianced bride of my murdered nephew? and, to a bad man, was not that motive enough for thy malignity, hoping, if he were gone, thy suit would have a better chance of prospering?"

"Away, old man; I answer naught—acknowledge nothing," he cried, defiantly.

"But thou *shalt* answer; rash and irreverent youth, I'll make thee answer! Yea, even here, in heaven's dread name, I site thee to instant judgment; to no mortal trial, but to an ordeal in which the Eternal shall, in the sight of thine accusers, declare thee spotless, or by evidence that shall appal the soul within thee, brand thee a foul and blood-stained murderer."

"What mean you? Stand back; by heaven I'll not be juggled with, made thy tool, while I have strength to wield my sword." And made desperate by the vague fear implied in Cedric's solemn words, he drew his sword and threw himself in an attitude of defiance.

Every pike and bill, every sword and dagger-blade, flashed on the instant in the ruddy blaze, as answering weapons sprang from their sheaths.

"Forbear, all!" exclaimed Cedric, rising, as with one adroit blow of his falchion, he sent the sword of Eldred flying from his hand. "Guilt is ever weak; think not, young thane, to leave this hall till thou hast vindicated thine innocence, or stand self-accused of murder."

"What mean you?" he asked, abashed at his disarment, and full of doubt and fear.

"But that rash Ulrick drew forth thy dagger, I had sworn no hand but that of his slayer should pluck it from his heart. Thou art spared that duty. Now mark me; go to the body of my butchered nephew, and repeating the oath I give, lay thy hand upon his breast. If, on the instant, Heaven itself do not denounce thee, those portals shall open, and thou shalt go forth cleansed from all imputation, innocent and spotless. Follow!"

Eldred felt his hair bristling on his head, and a cold sweat of terror bedewing his trembling limbs, as the awful ordeal to which the franklin summoned him, rose up in all its superstitious horror before him.

His feet seemed to root themselves into the ground, and though he saw Cedric advance to the head of the corpse, he felt powerless to move his limbs.

"Wilt thou be led to the victim?" observed Cedric, as he took his stand at the head of the table.

Stung with shame, and dreading to meet the scorn of those before him, Eldred, with a powerful effort, turned his body, and with heavy steps reached the spot indicated by the raised hand of the franklin.

With white lips, and a dry, clammy utterance, Eldred slowly, and with difficulty, repeated word for word of the following oath:—

"Witness me Heaven, and all the saints!" pronounced Cedric, in a deep and solemn tone, as he raised his hand to the roof, "that if I am guilty of this youth's death, may the corpse itself brand the hand I lay upon its heart with—blood!"

As Cedric finished, he placed his hand on the white forehead of his nephew, and watched with keen and eager glance the slow and trembling descent of Eldred's raised palm, till it rested on the breast of the murdered man, below the gash inflicted by the dagger.

Scarcely had the hand of the young thane touched the body, than with a cry of horror that rang through the lofty rafters, Eldred rushed from the bier, exclaiming in tones of the wildest terror—

"Save me, save me, great heaven! what is this? Horror! horror!" and with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets, he held up a hand red with gore.

"See kinsmen and friends! see, see all!" cried Ulrick, starting forward, and pointing as he spoke. "Note, the mute corpse has testified, and, at the murderer's touch, poured from its dried veins streams of blood from heart and mouth!"

"Vengeance! vengeance! Life for life! Cut him down. Death to the murderer! Death! death!" shouted the assembled throng.

"Back, kinsmen and friends," resumed Ulrick, rushing between the avengers and their victim, "put up your swords. My father, the noble Cedric, saved him once that he should testify his guilt by the 'Ordeal of Touch.'* I now summon him to the 'Ordeal of Battle,' and by Heaven's help, will vindicate the truth with my sword's point on his recreant body."

"Be it so, Ulrick, and should he prove victor in the fight, he shall be free to depart scatheless and further unchallenged."

"Then, here, thou false and perjured thane, I defy thee to mortal combat; there is my gauge, and within this hour I summon thee to battle." And drawing a glove from his baldric, he hurled it at the feet of his antagonist.

"And there is mine, and God so judge me, as I will, at my good sword's point, force every slander down thy belying jaws," and taking up Ulrick's glove, Eldred threw down his own, as the assembly broke up to prepare the lists on the lawn in the front of the Saxon homestead.

Ropes and stakes, hastily driven into the earth, made temporary lists, and as the fight was to be conducted on foot, a small area only was necessary.

Round this enclosure, on benches, were seated the females of the family, while the friends and kindred, with the serfs, herds, and thralls, formed the outer ring of spectators.

A trumpeter being placed behind the franklin's chair (who, as marshal of the lists, gave the signal), as Ulrick stepped into the enclosure, sounded a flourish; the man then blew an answering blast of defiance, when Eldred Steinhold entered the lists from the opposite end, when the two combatants, each armed with a sword and dagger, advanced to the centre of the enclosure, and halted a few feet apart.

The next moment, Cedric flung down his staff, or baton of office, and the trumpeter blowing a shrill and deafening alarm, the two antagonists rushed together.

Both combatants were nearly of an age and height, and equally matched as regarded strength and endurance; each, too, had given lasting proof of his heroism and bravery against the Danes.

The battle which the two champions were waging was contested less by skill than by sheer physical strength; the blows that were dealt were consequently of a very formidable character, and echoed round the lists like strokes from a sledge hammer.

Had any one taken effect on the morion, or steel cap that covered the head, it must have brought the recipient to the earth like a felled bullock. As it was, however, they were either received on the heavy, broad sword, or evaded by timely springing aside.

The dagger being employed as a shield, to parry thrusts, required great skill in its use, and generally played a most important part in such rude contests.

The combat had continued for more than half an hour; and though neither antagonist was wounded, both were greatly distressed; their breathing was short and painfully hard, while the perspiration poured over their eyes in blinding streams.

The habergeon, or shirt of link-mail in which each was dressed, hung in ragged streamers from their shoulders, and had become, from frequent rents, rather an incumbrance than a defence.

At length a blow of greater strength, or one less successfully guarded, sent Ulrick staggering back for many yards, before he fell with a ringing crash to the earth.

The trumpet sounded a blast of triumph, and Eldred hurried to the fallen champion to despatch his foe, and claim the victory, but so exhausted was he, that ere he could reach him, Ulrick had risen to his knee, keeping Eldred at bay, till he was again on his feet.

Another flourish of the trumpet, and the fight was renewed with the same determined obstinacy, when Eldred, with all his remaining strength, made a sudden lunge at his antagonist's defenceless side.

This deadly thrust, Ulrick, ever quick of eye, fortunately parried, and so effectually, with his dagger, as to throw the left shoulder of his enemy upon the sword he was lungeing home.

So great was the force, that Ulrick's weapon cut through a double fold of habergeon, traversed the chest, and protruded from his back.

With a groan of anguish, Eldred threw up both arms, and dropped backwards on the earth.

"Confess thy crime, and ask mercy for thy soul's sake!" exclaimed Ulrick, placing a foot on the breast of his fallen foe, and holding his sword for the death blow.

"I acknowledge the hand of heaven. I slew Alfred Atheling; but for thee, take my curse and strike!"

At the same instant, with one last effort, he hurled his dagger at Ulrick's head, striking off his morion, and dashing it to the ground.

The next moment the victor's sword descended in a downward thrust, and with knitted brows and clenched jaws, Ulrick drove it through the writhing body of his victim.

"Sound the flourish of victory!" shouted Ulrick, with a strong effort dragging out his sword, then holding the red blade above his head, he dropped on one knee, as he cried aloud,

"To heaven be given the glory of our victory, and the triumph of this Ordeal of Battle!"

*In the dark ages, every circumstance that could not be readily explained, was attributed to supernatural agency. The bleeding of a body on the approach of the supposed murderer, was regarded as a direct sign from heaven of his guilt. And in course of time, this ordeal by touch became one of the most popular and firmly credited tests of the guilt of the suspected or accused. Thus every individual, directly or remotely charged, took the prescribed oath, and laying his hand on the breast of the corpse, waited a moment to observe if any manifestation was given, when he retired to make room for the next, and so on, till at length, perhaps, a drop of blood, caused by the heat and crowded state of the room, fell from the nostril, or exuded from the mouth of the body. However innocent the unfortunate person might be, whose hand was on the corpse at the time of such sign, he *was held guilty*, even by his own kindred, and unless he could take up the gauge of battle in his own person or by deputy, from the champion of the deceased, he paid the penalty of the ordeal with his life. The instance given in the text, is neither unnatural or exaggerated. The youthful Saxon, Alfred, struck to the heart, and instantly killed, was by the severe winter of those days almost instantly frozen. In this state, the body was suddenly removed to an apartment heated by an immense wood fire, and filled by a crowd of wondering spectators. The blood in the surface veins, liquefied by the high temperature, would of course exude, and, when the weapon was removed, would flow from the wound. This is the natural explanation of what was long deemed a supernatural phenomenon.

☞ Two venerable ladies, who had reached the extraordinary age of 103 and 105 years, respectively, died in New Orleans a few days ago. They had lived nearly a century together, and died within a few hours of each other.

☞ The Deseret News is alarmed lest Paris fashions should be introduced among the Mormon women, and is startled at the possibility of a saint being obliged to pay the clothing expenses of a dozen wives.

☞ Ministers with moustaches are becoming common even in Wesleyan Methodist pulpits. The Methodist Recorder has received two communications on the subject of ministers wearing moustaches. In one, a lady expresses a hope that the propensity to cultivate the moustache may not spread among "our esteemed ministers."

☞ A canary bird in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has reached the age of 17, and still sings.

☞ The Boston Post, describing the arrangements of the Dickens banquet, says: "Opposite the door, on an elevated platform, and running lengthwise of the room, was the table to feed the 'big guns;' and standing at right-angles from this were several other tables, for the small bores."

☞ The Misses I., very fashionable (but engaged) young ladies of Boston, have been first to introduce the new "paniers" in that city. The panier excels the bustle in amplifying amplitude.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

The author of a recent English work is evidently in favor of meeting the "Woman's Rights" movement half way. He evidently considers the chivalric notions which arose in the days of chivalry, and which have been exerting their influence ever since to release woman from the coarser labor and the drudgery of life, as founded on a false idea of things. He says:—

"I believe there are few greater popular errors than the idea we have mainly derived from chivalrous times, that woman is a weakly creature. Julius Cæsar, who judged for himself, took a very different view of the powers of certain women of the Northern races, about whom he wrote. I suppose that in the days of baronial castles, when crowds of people herded together like pigs within the narrow inclosures of a fortification, and the ladies did nothing but needlework in their boudoirs, the mode of life was very prejudicial to their nervous system and muscular powers. The women suffered from the effects of ill-ventilation and bad drainage, and had none of the counteracting advantages of the military life that was led by the males. Consequently, women really became the helpless dolls that they were considered to be, and which it is still the fashion to consider them. It always seems to me that a hard-worked woman is better and happier for her work. *It is the nature of women to be fond of carrying weights;* you may see them in omnibuses and carriages, always preferring to hold their baskets or their babies on their knees, to setting them down on the seats by their sides. A woman, whose modern dress includes I know not how many cubic feet of space, has hardly ever pockets of a sufficient size to carry small articles; for she prefers to load her hands with a bag or other weighty object. A nursery-maid who is on the move all day, seems *the happiest specimen of her sex;* and after her, a maid-of-all-work who is treated fairly by her mistress."

Now, if this view be correct, it is the sheerest absurdity to offer to carry a lady's bundle for her—or to seek to take the hard-working women of France and Germany out of the fields—or to teach the Indians that it is a piece of barbarism for their squaws to cultivate their corn and potatoes for them—or, in civilized life, to offer to give up your seat to a lady in a railroad car.

The new doctrine, which is a logical deduction from the "woman's rights'" notions now so prevalent, is to let woman take care of herself. Of course put no obstacles in her way—but, on the other hand, extend no more aid to her than you would to a fellow man in similar circumstances. You do not bother yourself about a laboring man having to do coarse and dirty work—some one must do it—and you should not trouble yourself when women have to do it.

In short, the ideas of the age of chivalry, based as they were upon the notion that there is a radical difference between the sexes, in mind as well as in body, and which made every true knight the protector of every woman, must now be abandoned. For, as intelligent women now declare that there is no such difference, and that they despise the very idea of being championed and protected, and that they are amply able if let alone to take care of and protect themselves, it would be absurd to offer services which are not needed.

Of course if a woman is sick or weary, she is still to have proper courtesy extended to her; not in the least because she is a woman, but because she is infirm—in the same way that you would extend similar courtesies to a sick man.

The old practices of helping ladies first at meals, of giving them the choice of seats at lectures, and the only seats at parties, with the best rooms at hotels, &c., will of course pass away with other old-time barbarisms. The mistaken notion that a woman requires her food more than a man does, or that she cannot walk up to the sixth story of a city hotel as easily as a man, and that her money is any better than a man's, must be abandoned as speedily as possible. In the light of the new philosophy, the whole thing is ridiculous—and it is a wonder that men have been befooled so long into suffering so many inconveniences on behalf of a sex just as able, in every way, to bear hunger, thirst, labor and fatigue, as they are themselves. In truth, we all know plenty of women more able to suffer these things than many men we know.

To a mind properly constituted, and one not perverted by the miserable romantic falsehoods of the past, it is just as reasonable a sight to see a woman pulling the plough, and her husband directing its progress, as if the man were pulling, and the woman, or another man, guiding.

It is a matter for congratulation, that the world has not got further than it has in its false path. The finer minds of the race, especially the poets, had indeed won almost universal assent to the idea that woman should, as far as possible, be released from the harder and coarser work of the world. But of course the practice still happily lingered far behind the precept. And so hard are the conditions of many in this life, that even men who felt ashamed that it had to be so, were forced to see their wives and daughters drudging at the lower kinds of housework, from sheer inability to find any means by which it could be prevented. Still, such foolishly hoped that the time might come when the increasing wealth and enlightened science and art of the world might render it otherwise.

But now, in the new light cast over the feminine world by the latest feminine apostles, we see how foolish all these ideas are—and how false all that great movement which began in the so-called days of chivalry, really was. Now we see that there is no real difference in mind or body between the sexes—and are prepared to adopt all the consequences which result logically from our new belief. For "chivalry" we substitute "simple fair-play," and let their satanic majesties, Poverty, Dirt, Drudgery, &c. take the hindmost—be it a man or a woman.

We see very little in the Scriptures of this romantic feeling towards woman which we are reprobating. St. Paul in particular seems to have been remarkably free from it. He even thought that marriage was a weakness, resulting in much useless toil and trouble, and better let alone. And although chivalry got to be curiously blended with religion in the times of the Crusaders, there are very few texts either in the Old or New Testament which can be brought to its support. In fact, the transgression of Eve seems to have injured the standing of all her daughters in the opinions of the ancient Biblical writers. A Jewish prophet would have been outraged by the almost worship paid to women by the Christian knights of the middle ages.

But, and curiously enough, at the command of the female apostles of this century, men are rapidly unlearning all that courtesy which they have inherited from the days of chivalry—and are beginning to see the sex with the most prosaic kind of vision. In a few years, if such continue in their course of enlightenment, men will behold women exercising all their rights with unmoved eyes. No physical labor will be too mean or coarse for them—the very idea of courtesy to a woman because she is a woman, will be scouted as folly—she will have the right of being elected to Congress when she can, and of sweeping the streets when she must—and all the old novels and three-fourths of the poetry will be burnt as useless, because no one will be foolish enough to read them.

Ah, these are the days that many a female reformer is already *panting* for—than which she could do nothing more reasonable and appropriate.

☞ We see that Mr. Pike, of Maine, is not satisfied with the proceedings of the Canadian fishermen. As Mr. Pike is himself one of the big fish, doubtless he fully understands the question, and is prepared to protect the rights of his brethren. But as the pike is a fresh-water fish, we do not see how he can be fully informed on salt-water matters. No doubt however any patriotic American fish would rather be caught and eaten by a Yankee than by a Britisher.

MUSIC.—GRAND VALSE and the SWORD OF MY FATHER. From the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. Musique de J. Offenbach. Four Piano par F. Blume. GALOP CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE. Published by Frederick Blume, 1125 Broadway, New York.

☞ The prospect for a good crop of peaches the coming season is said to be quite good along the Delaware. In low situations the trees have been somewhat injured by the cold weather, but on the high ground they have sustained little damage.

☞ Double blessedness is better than single; but blessedness of any sort is better than the double wretchedness of being the companion for life of a person who is unsuitable for you, or to whom you are unsuitable.

☞ A fast young Chicagoan in Paris, a favorite of the ladies, one of the best dancers in the city, and profusely extravagant of his money, ended his career the other day by drowning himself in the Seine, leaving a pile of debts behind him.

☞ Portland (Me.) people, with excusable pride, place strangers on top of the observatory, and tell them to find the district which the great fire of 1866 devastated. Almost every trace of it has disappeared.

☞ Mrs. Harry Thomas tried to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours at St. Louis, and almost did it.

☞ A MINNESOTA CHURCH.—A man describing a church in Minnesota, writes to a friend, "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

☞ Mr. Spurgeon defends the system of replacing the present sectarian system of English schools with a purely secular one. He says that "village lads could generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity schools."

☞ A young lady with blue gaiters, blue dress, blue sacque, blue lace collar, blue hat, blue feather, blue parasol, blue fan, blue kid gloves, blue stockings, blue eyes and turquoise bracelet, necklace and ear rings, attracted attention a day or two ago on one of the New York ferry boats.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.—In the Impeachment Court, on the 6th inst., Mr. Bingham concluded his argument for the Managers. The verdict is to be rendered on Tuesday, the 12th—the Senators being allowed to file their opinions.

CONGRESS.—In the House Mr. Pike, of Maine, from the Naval Committee, reported a joint resolution requesting the President to send war ships to the St. Lawrence fishing grounds to protect American fishing vessels in their rights under the treaty of 1863. Mr. Pike explained that the Canadian Government proposed to levy a tax of $4 per ton on American fishing vessels, and send war vessels to enforce the tax. The resolution was passed.

Mr. Robinson, of New York, attempted to offer a resolution expunging the impeachment resolutions from the Journal, as a question of privilege, but the Speaker ruled it was not a privileged question, and must take its turn.

THE RECONSTRUCTION ELECTIONS.—In Georgia the Constitution has been ratified, and the Republicans have elected their Governor by 7,000 majority, and have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The Congressional delegation stands four Republicans and three Democrats. In Louisiana, the Republicans have carried the Governor and State Legislature, and the Congressional delegation is three Republicans and one Democrat.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.—At the close of 1867 this road had been constructed for 650 of the 1,800 miles between Omaha and San Francisco. By the close of 1868, 500 miles more are promised, and it is expected that by July 1st, 1870, the locomotive will run the entire distance between New York and San Francisco in six days' time. Fifteen thousand men are employed in the construction of the Pacific railways.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—It is officially announced that the time of meeting will *not* be changed.

THE FENIANS.—The Fenians, at their Convention in Worcester, Massachusetts, unanimously passed a resolution reprobating assassination, and especially condemning, in strong language, the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

THE PORT JERVIS DISASTER.—There have been twenty-seven deaths thus far from the recent sad disaster on the Erie railway at Port Jervis. Thirteen injured persons remain at that place, all of them being expected to recover, whilst the other wounded have been conveyed to their homes. The Erie Railroad Company has already settled quite a number of claims for injuries received in this accident, the amounts paid ranging from $30 as high as $10,000.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The counsel in the case of Jefferson Davis have agreed to begin the trial on June 3d, and the Chief Justice has been telegraphed for his assent.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons, May the 4th, Minister Disraeli said that he had consulted with the Queen, but that her Majesty had heard his statement and had not only declined his tendered resignation, but had urged him not to dissolve Parliament in the present anomalous circumstances, until an appeal could be made to the new constituencies.

The following evening Mr. Gladstone made a speech, in which he asserted that the action of the Queen, leaving it at the discretion of the Ministry to dissolve Parliament whenever they pleased, was unconstitutional. A Ministerial crisis seems to be close at hand.

GERMANY.—A Berlin despatch says the South German States threaten to leave the Customs Diet in case the address issued by the party of German Unity should receive consideration at the hands of the Zollverein.

ABYSSINIA.—After the capture of Magdala, 80 guns and mortars belonging to the Abyssian monarch were destroyed, and the town razed completely to the rock on which it stood. The African Queen and heir apparent are in the British camp. The returning army will reach the Red Sea on the coast during May.

TRAIN AGAIN.—Train, before the Bankrupt Court, on the 8th, said he had no property himself and no control over that pertaining to his wife. He was recommitted for further examination.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A terrible eruption of the volcano of Manua Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, has occurred. The manifestations commenced on March 27th. Earthquakes preceded and accompanied the eruption, and the coast was swept by an ocean wave. The lava from the mountain flowed into the sea, pushing out a mile from the shore. The destruction of life and property was great. There were 2,000 shocks in two weeks—the earth opened in many places—in one case swallowing up 30 persons. 100 lives were lost. A tidal wave sixty feet high, going over the tops of the cocoa trees, a quarter of a mile inland, swept human beings, houses and everything moveable before it.

☞ Mr. Burke in his juvenile days was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richmond in Richard III., and having given him the part at a very short notice, he arose betimes one morning and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far have we got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to the middle in mire.

☞ Nothing is more delusive than what is called success. Its only certainty may be said to be its uncertainty. You have it, and then you don't. There is not much difference as to where or on what it is exercised, whether in politics, love, friendship, art, literature, almost religion. Men think they succeed in love. They wake up and find a mistake. Either the object of their affection is a cipher, or they have themselves mistaken a mere whimsical impulse for affection. Nevertheless there is real success; but most people who pass as successes are nothing of the sort.

☞ The "Christian Dressmakers" is the title of a new society in Paris, established for the purpose of discouraging low-necked dresses. The members take a solemn oath not to make such garments. Ladies with ugly necks patronize them extensively. The others laugh.

St. George for Merrie England!

[*Chambers's London Journal* gives the following as the *true* account of the famous English champion, St. George:]

As everybody knows, St. George is patron saint of England, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. We are all familiar with his martial figure, clad in glittering armor, bestriding a fiery steed, and killing the dragon in the most gallant manner possible. Perhaps the knowledge conveyed by this accurate representation of the saint, and the legends therewith connected, are sufficient for all practical purposes. Patron saints are not now so indispensable as they once were, and people are not curious about their lineage or history. Once upon a time, knights were ready to fight to the death in honor of their patron saints, and in vindication of every word of the amazing tales of which they were the glorious heroes. But times have changed. Knights do not now-a-days keep the Queen's highway, lance in hand, to give battle to all who refuse to acknowledge that the most Lovely, Beautiful, and Virtuous Lady Dorothea is the most lovely, beautiful, and virtuous of her sex; and with that and other fine practices of the good old times has passed away the disposition to care much about patron saints. Our modern custom rather is to put our faith in four-footed champions, and to back our favorites.

But the history of St. George of England is interesting for its own sake. It supplies perhaps the most curious illustration of the eccentricity of traditional biography anywhere to be found. That pink of chivalry was born about the beginning of the fourth century, in, or shortly before, the reign of the Great Constantine. His parents, who had emigrated from Cappadocia to Epiphania in Cilicia, were employed in a humble branch of the cloth-trade; and George himself was born, not in an enchanted castle, but in a fuller's shop in that town—a pleasant bower of half-cleaned togæ and small-clothes of those days. The youth, whose name was afterwards to become so famous, passed through childhood and boyhood without exhibiting any more remarkable quality than an extraordinary genius for sneaking. He was always ready to play the toady for a consideration, and a grave historian tells us that, in those unsophisticated days, the embryo saint was willing at any time to sell his flattery for a cake; just as Smith Minor, the sneak of the school, is always ready to propitiate any boy, big or little, who is in receipt of a hamper from home. Arrived at man's estate, and beyond the attractions of cakes and toffy, George still relied upon his main talent, and played the parasite to such purpose, that he obtained an important contract to supply the imperial army with provisions. So far as we can make out, this was the gallant George's only connection with the profession of arms. Instead of riding about on fiery steeds, performing miraculous feats of arms, slaying dragons, and delivering damsels, the fuller's son was employed in delivering bacon to the imperial commissary; and very badly he performed that duty. His bacon was generally rancid, and the quantity short. He was a true member of the army-contractor race, one of the sort that Wellington would have liked to hang, to encourage the others. He made lots of money in this business. For a long time, the powerful friends whom his gift of flattery kept around him protected him from the anger of the authorities and the fury of the soldiers. The former had to wink at short weight delivered by the favorite of the ministers; and the latter had to chew their rancid bacon, and curse the rascally contractor beneath their breath. At length, however, there arrived a time when this sort of thing could endure no longer. George had to flee. He narrowly escaped death at the hands of the soldiers, whose commons he had so shamefully robbed; and he was sought after, perhaps not very diligently, by the imperial officers of justice. He managed to conceal both himself and his money, and to reappear at the proper time in a more distinguished and lucrative sphere. Thus the great George of England, the greatest knight of Christendom, the peerless champion of virtue and valor, retired from the military service of his country. What would those thousands of stout knights who clove Moslem crowns to the inspiriting music of his name, and who sought death on the fields of Scotland in his honor, have said if you had told them that they were shouting themselves hoarse in the worship of a rascally bacon-factor?

At this time, the great Arian controversy was at its height. One party held by "Homoousian," while the other party swore by "Homoiousian," and both parties were perfectly ready to cut each other's throats about the extra dipthong. The great Athanasius was Archbishop of Alexandria and Primate of Egypt, and he maintained the doctrine of a consubstantial Trinity, in spite of the opposition of Constantius, Emperor of the East, who inclined towards Arianism. The archbishop had a powerful friend in Constans, Emperor of the West, who was a faithful member of the Latin Church, and who compelled his brother, Constantius, to reseat Athanasius on his episcopal throne, on pain of invasion. But the favor of princes is proverbially uncertain, and so were their lives in those days. Constans fell under the knife of the assassin, and Constantius was master of his own house. Now was the time for George of Cappadocia to reappear. He was always surnamed of Cappadocia, by the way, because of the nationality of his parents.

After George had spent a suitable period in obscurity after his enforced retirement from the bacon trade, he suddenly reappeared in the character of a churchman. He had in the interval been converted to Christianity, and with the unerring instinct of his tribe, he of course chose the form of Christianity that was most likely to lead to his own advancement. The court of the East was altogether Arian; and although the firmness of Athanasius, supported by the power of the western Emperor, maintained the Catholic faith in the East, the day of the Arians was evidently coming. George went to Alexandria, and had himself ordained a bishop. By the use of his special talent for flattery, he soon made himself favorably known to the leaders of the Arian party, and at the court of Constantinople; and when the death of Constans left Constantius at liberty to deal as he would with Athanasius, it was a settled thing that George of Cappadocia should be his successor on the archiepiscopal throne. At length the time to accomplish the religious revolution at Alexandria arrived. Constantius, now sole master of the double empire, soon compelled the synods of the West, as well as of the East, to depose that very Athanasius whom they secretly revered as the venerable champion of the rights of conscience and of the church against the strong arm of the civil power. But to depose Athanasius and to get rid of him were very different things. The archbishop would not voluntarily quit his see, and Constantius for a long time lacked the courage to compel him. At length, however, the Emperor summoned resolution to order the venerable Athanasius to retire into banishment. Even then, as if afraid of the possible consequences, he only sent a verbal message, which the archbishop refused to recognize, and which the civil authorities in Alexandria were powerless to execute. Then, rapidly and secretly, the legions of Upper Egypt and Libya advanced to substitute by the power of the sword George for Athanasius. They surprised the city with open gates, and Alexandria was given up to murder and rapine, to celebrate the triumph of one Christian faction over another. Athanasius fled, and George of Cappadocia reigned in his stead. The pagans worshipped the rising sun, and helped the Arians to put down the opposing sectaries; but they soon found that George could trample upon pagans as well as upon Catholics. The followers of Athanasius were banished and treated with every possible indignity; but the temples of the pagans were also pillaged by the most reverend George, who did not hesitate to call them "sepulchres." He now assumed the pomp which a favorite intrusted with unlimited power over a rich country might be expected to maintain; but his soul still grovelled amid the money-making devices of his earlier days. Not content with exacting taxes that had no warrant but his own insolent will, the archbishop sought to gather into his hands the whole trade of Alexandria. He established in his own favor a monopoly of salt, nitre, paper, and even funerals, and thereby nearly ruined the merchants of the city. In short, the Most Reverend George, Archbishop of Alexandria, and Primate of Egypt, was the same rapacious and selfish man who, as an army-contractor, filled his pockets at the expense of suffering among the soldiers.

But Nemesis was at hand. Constantius was highly delighted with the new bishop, who would conform his theology to the requirements of the court, and during his lifetime, George had unbounded power in Egypt. But he, too, was mortal; and with the last breath of Constantius perished the power of his archbishop of Alexandria. The same herald, who, at the Egyptian capital, proclaimed the accession of Julian, announced the downfall of the archbishop. Julian had scandalized the court of his predecessor by renouncing Christianity, and returning to the religion of his fathers. As an eminent persecutor of the pagans, George was, of course, especially obnoxious to the new monarch, and as fast as horse could gallop went the warrant for his imprisonment. But the rage of the people could not wait upon judicial forms; and a mixed multitude of Catholics and pagans, by a very summary process, converted the mean, dishonest, and cruel man into a martyr and a saint. They broke into the prison, and killed the archbishop and two of his creatures imprisoned along with him; paraded their lifeless bodies about the streets upon camels; and afterwards threw the remains into the sea. The pagans of those days knew the skill of the Christians in the manufacture of martyrs and saints, and it seems that they protested beforehand against guilty wretches, who had died, not for their religion, but in expiation of their crimes, being honored with the crown of martyrdom. The sectarian spirit would not be balked of its consolation, however. It was enough for the Arians to know that George had been the inveterate enemy of Athanasius and the Catholics, and that he had perished by the hands of his religious opponents. All the crimes of his life were covered by the violence of his death, and the cheat and tyrant was enrolled in the noble army of martyrs, and calendared among the saints. The fact that the Latin Church had been compelled to bow to the church of the East in the later years of Constantius, explains the apparent anomaly of an Arian bishop being acknowledged as a saint by the western pontiffs. We have not the date of the canonization of this precious saint; but we find that in 494, Pope Gelasius recognized George of Cappadocia as a saint and a martyr.

But how came this bacon-factor and Egyptian bishop to be taken as the patron saint of England? In this fashion. When the crusades were preached, and many thousands of English knights went to the East, they, of course, mingled a good deal with the eastern Christians. These eastern Christians were in great part the descendants of the Arians of George's time, and they had traditions of a wonderful saint and hero, St. George, who had performed prodigies of valor on behalf of the Christian cause. Some of those traditions, in which the saint is represented in his military character, are evidently narrations of actual facts conveyed in allegorical language, the real meaning of which was not understood by the orientals who communicated them to the open-mouthed crusaders. Thus, the story of the terrible combat of the good knight St. George of Cappadocia with the *magician Athanasius*, before Queen *Alexandra*, is evidently an allegorical account of his very mean intrigue to get Athanasius removed from the primacy of Egypt. Truly, in the case of St. George, "distance lends enchantment to the view." So deeply did these highly-colored eastern stories sink into the impressionable minds of the English crusaders, that before they had returned from the first crusade, they were in the habit of using his name as a battle-cry; although it was not till the reign of Edward III. that St. George was formally installed as patron saint of England by the institution of the order of St. George, now called the order of the Garter. It has indeed been asserted that George of Cappadocia and St. George of England are entirely different individuals. One writer asserts that the original of the English saint was a tribune in the reign of Diocletian, who was beheaded by that Emperor for complaining of his severities towards the Christians; but the weight of historical testimony and of probability is so great on the side of the Cappadocian theory, that nearly all the authorities have been induced to accept it. We are therefore compelled to believe that the wonderful St. George of the fiery steed is one and the same person with that George of Cappadocia who cheated the poor soldiers of Constantius, and who persecuted in the cruellest manner that St. Athanasius whose creed we recite at church at each religious feast.

A Remarkable Impostor.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I had taken my place in the express night train from Paris to Marseilles, on my route to Algeria and Morocco. There was nothing remarkable in my fellow-travellers, nor in their conversation, until we arrived at the third or fourth station, where we received an addition to our party in the person of a passenger as remarkable for the neatness of his equipment as the perfectly gentlemanly style of his general appearance. Everything about him exhibited the state of a man of the upper ten thousand, who had plenty of money at his command, and was accustomed to the best society.

Up to the present time, as the conversation of my fellow-travellers had consisted of nothing more interesting to a stranger than the prospect of the harvest and the vintage, I half dozed in the corner of the carriage, quietly smoking my cigar.

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed our new voyager, "what a splendid cigar that is you are smoking! I knew it to be an Havana, by the aroma, the moment I entered the carriage. You cannot get such a thing now in France, at any price, unless you import them yourself, and then you must get a special order to do so from the Government. Nevertheless, fine as yours undoubtedly are, I think mine are equally good," said he, handing me at the same time his cigar-case to help myself.

This led to a most animated conversation; and if I was struck by the distingue appearance of the stranger at first, half an hour's conversation showed me that he was a man of rare ability.

Like myself, he was also a great traveller; had been all over Europe and a great part of Asia and Northern Africa, spoke several of the languages of Europe with great fluency, as well as a little Russian and Turkish; while comparing notes, I found that he was as well acquainted with the manners and customs of the various countries he had visited as myself—a very unusual thing in Frenchmen, who have nothing of the passion of the English for travelling, and rarely speak any language sufficiently well to make themselves understood.

During the whole night we amused ourselves with details of our adventures, and anecdotes of the strange characters we had met with during our travels; took refreshments together at different buffets along the line; treated each other in the same friendly confiding manner as if we had known each other for years.

Nothing occurred to interrupt our harmony until I arrived at Marseilles, where, having secured a place in the steamer bound for Algiers, we sat down to a comfortable breakfast at our hotel. I had, however, scarcely taken the first mouthful, when the waiter entered, telling me there was a gentleman waiting to see me in the adjoining room. A glance was sufficient to tell me that the person who had sent for me was an agent of the police.

"*Monsieur est Anglais?*" said he rather abruptly, as I entered.

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"I thought so. You have come direct from Paris, and are on your way to Algiers; you took some refreshment at Lyons with your companion of the railway carriage."

"Most accurately described," I replied.

"Did you ever meet with the gentleman before?"

"Never."

"Of course, then, you know nothing of his history or antecedents."

"Absolutely nothing."

"No doubt you find in him a very pleasant companion."

"I never met with one more agreeable or gentlemanly."

"So much the worse for those he selects as his victims. Just look and see if you have lost anything."

"No; here is my money all right in my pocket-book, and there are my despatches in the breast-pocket of my coat."

"Marvellous!—most marvellous!" cried my interrogator. "You will no doubt be astounded when I tell you you have made the acquaintance of one of the most accomplished *chevaliers d' industrie* at this moment in all Europe, who, notwithstanding his disreputable calling, is a nobleman, and related to some of the first families in France. We have nothing against him at present; for the very best reason, that he has only just completed his term of imprisonment; but he is such a wonderful actor, and his disguises are so numerous, and so true to nature, that even the argus eyes of the most vigilant agents of the police are deceived. Indeed, it was only by the slightest chance I recognized him, and then I owe it entirely to that strong bottle of Burgundy he helped you to drink at Lyons; and so it is, and ever has been, in nine times out of ten, the cleverest fellow in crime that I have had to do with lose their wits when they take a glass too much."

On saying this, he turned on his heel, and most unceremoniously left the room.

I was bewildered. I knew not what to think. Might it not be a case of mistaken identity?—some persons so much resemble each other. The more I thought, the more I considered the matter, the more I believed I had arrived at the right conclusion. What, so perfect a gentleman as that, to be a common pilferer!—a common pickpocket! Preposterous! On the contrary, he had plenty of money at command, and throughout the journey paid his share of whatever was had in common, as every other high-spirited gentleman would have done.

I was lost in amazement, and full of confidence in the honorable character of my friend, I entered the breakfast room, and laughingly said, in the off-hand manner of a man who disbelieves what he is about to say,

"Do you know, monsieur, that I have just had a visit from an agent of the police, who has told me that you are one of the greatest *escrocs* of the day?—one of the most accomplished *chevaliers d'industrie* at this moment in Europe."

"Monsieur! have you seen anything in my conduct during our short acquaintance to warrant such a supposition?" he answered, drawing himself up with all that indignation of manner and bearing that might be expected from a gentleman who felt himself injured by an unjust suspicion.

"Nothing!" I exclaimed; "on the contrary, in all my travels I never met a companion I liked so much, nor one that was so amusing, and all I regret is that I did not kick the fellow down stairs."

"Don't be too hasty, monsieur. Appearances are all in my favor; but, alas! every word the agent told you is true. I am a sorry dog, for, having lost all that I had, and afterwards what relations and friends could spare, I have been compelled for the last four or five years to live by my wits. Still, during all that time, I never forget that I was a gentleman. My quarries, when I want money, are those that prey upon the weaknesses of their fellow-creatures, your princes of the State and Church, your rich financiers, bankers and stock jobbers; but never yet have I taken a cent from a poor gentleman. My scouts at the Hotel des Princes, where you were staying, put me on a false scent.

"I did intend to do a business on my own account, at your expense, when I took my place with you in the same carriage; and now you must be aware of my numberless opportunities I had of taking every farthing you were possessed of, if I was inclined. But no; I soon saw you had no money to spare, and to spoil such as you, monsieur, would be worse than sacrilege.

"Above all, you charmed me with your conversation and adventures, and made me happy. I was again a gentleman, and you treated me as one. I recalled to my remembrance the brighter period of my life—the time when I was free from crime—the spoiled child of a doting mother, who denied her darling nothing that wealth could purchase. And more, monsieur, having told you something of my sad, eventful life, I am sure you will grant me one favor: Please retire into the adjoining room, for just five minutes while I pack up the things I have and be off."

On my return, instead of my travelling companion, I found a *commissionaire* from the Messagerie Imperiale Steam-Packet office, who had been sent for my luggage and to say that, owing to a telegraphic despatch just received from Paris, the steamer would sail in less than a quarter of an hour.

Having no time to lose I hurried on board, and when in the act of placing a piece of money in the hand of my conductor, a peculiar look and a deep drawn sigh told me at a glance whom I had before me; but so completely transformed in appearance to defy the possibility of recognition. I had merely a moment to say, "Go on the stage; that is your true vocation. Do not forget this; there is my card—write and let me know if I can be of any service to you."

On all my travels, in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, whether civilized or barbarian, I never met with one, however vicious, who had not something good in his nature, if you happen to strike the right chord.

The high-born, titled *roue*, who up to this time had been celebrated only for crime, all at once vanished from the world, as if he never had been. In short, he adopted the counsel I had given him, changed his name, and is now one of the most popular actors of the day, as much respected for his virtues as he is admired for his talents by every man of his acquaintance.

The Empress Eugenie.

A recent letter from Paris thus deftly sketches this lady, about whom so much has been written: "Unlike the French women—who are short and dumpy, especially in middle life—the Empress is queenly in form, tall, slim, and stately. Unlike the French women, whose complexions are dark, sallow, and even dingy, the Empress's face is as white as alabaster. Her eye is clear, but piercing; her smile captivating; her brow gracious. Arrayed in her regal robes, she is magnificent. Everything about her is in keeping. Her taste is unequalled. Everything is in proportion, and one part is suited to the other. She knows what will agree with her complexion to the exact shade of ribbon. You can suggest no alteration in her dress. On state occasions when she greets the public eye she wears everything regal and stately that becomes her station. On ordinary occasions her dress is very plain, very simple, yet very taking. Her hat seems to be the central point of her dress. If it is brown or blue, green or crimson, her gloves, scarf, ornaments, and apparel correspond. Her spirits are exuberant, her disposition joyous, and she seems disposed to enjoy her position. On her last visit to England she was the guest of the Queen. A review was held in St. James's Park in her honor, which she beheld from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, in company with Victoria and Napoleon. She way joyous as a school girl. She clapped her hands and shouted in her French style like a little girl at the grand display. Her buoyancy and gleefulness of manner, not to say frivolity, shocked the dignified and sober Queen of England; and more than once Victoria laid her hand on the shoulder of her fair visitor, and reminded her that while such outbursts of feeling were perfectly natural, they were not regal!"

☞ Loch Katrine supplies to Glasgow daily 21,200,000 gallons of water, perhaps the purest in Scotland; it is nine times purer than that supplied to London; and yet the people of Glasgow swallow every year one thousand tons of foreign matter contained in the water of that romantic and sparkling lake.

☞ In London, champagne is made out of petroleum, and is sold at eighteen cents a dozen bottles. At this rate, it will probably supercede the genuine article, if any of that is left.

☞ An indignant wife in Youngstown, Ohio, committed suicide a few days since, because her husband would not buy new furniture.

Senator Wade's Letter.

The Revolution, the woman's voting paper, contains the following:—

"WOMEN AS DIPLOMATISTS.—Mrs. Frances Lord Bond has been for some time laboring to secure an appointment to some diplomatic position under government. Senator Wade seconded her endeavor with the following recommendation:

"*To his Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States:*

"SIR: Believing as I do, that the time has come when women of capacity and talent may properly represent this government at foreign courts and in foreign countries, the undersigned most cheerfully solicits for and recommends the appointment of Mrs. Frances Lord Bond to such embassy as may be compatible with the interests and the honor of the country.

"Respectfully, B. F. WADE.

"Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, 1867."

☞ Fred. Douglass has bought a place at Vineland, N. J., and intends shortly to remove thither from Rochester.

☞ Dr. Chapin's salary is $12,000. His congregation recently made him a present of the house he lives in, valued at $38,000.

☞ An Australian lady gives public notice that, if her husband does not turn up in three months, she means to marry again.

☞ The receipts of Dickens's last reading at New York was $3,000, and he took back with him a clear $100,000 in gold. His expenses in this country have been $50,000.

☞ A man in Southbridge, Mass., recently died from the effects of over-exertion in lifting a large rock on a trial of strength with some companions.

☞ A sufferer by an English railway accident has received $4,000 damages for "agony endured in the anticipation of an untimely end."

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-cowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

AS A medium for restoring the vitality of the *nerve fluid* when it has become enfeebled, or when Neuralgia, or Nerve-ache, or any other nervous diseases have found their way into the system, no medicine is so effectual as DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, which accelerates the current of the *nerve fluid* and tones it. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 190 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For restoring the lost appetite, and removing those secretions which cause sick headache, bile, heartburn, dyspepsia, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, this medicine has no equal.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.—The world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. my16-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. W. C. GORMAN to Miss S. H. SMITH, of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. George Bringhurst, G. W. SMITH to A. M. STAINBOOK, both of this city.

On the 12th of April, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JAMES M. BRACKNEY to Miss ELIZABETH SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES H. BURNS to Miss MARY J. LAPSLEY.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS PIERSON, of Coatesville, to Miss SUSAN A. MONNELL, of this city.

On the 2d of Jan., by the Rev. J. Maddox, Mr. CHARLES P. COPE to Miss MARIA DELANEY, of Pottsville.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 5th instant, ANN ELIZA, wife of JAS. A. Patterson, aged 33 years.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS F. GRAHAM, aged 46 years.

On the 4th instant, MRS. CHRISTIANA BAKER, in her 82d year.

On the 4th instant, JOSEPH L. BUTLER, in his 21st year.

On the 3d instant, JACOB COMPLESH, in his 26th year.

On the 3d instant, MRS. MARY, relict of the late Saml. Fowler, in her 78th year.

On the 2d instant, MISS SALLIE LAMBERT, in her 25th year.

On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH M., wife of John H. Baker, in her 26th year.

On the 1st instant, KATE ELIZABETH, wife of J. H. Montgomery, in her 22d year.

BEYOND.

We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that
love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will
meet estranged and cold in heaven—
Oh, love were poor and vain indeed, based
on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with
all the starry worlds of light,
With all the glory of the day, and calmer
tenderness of night;
For in that radiant home can shine only the
immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things, her pride, her fame, her
science, learning, wealth and power—
Slow growths that through long ages came,
or fruits of some convulsive hour—
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is
too pure for such as they.

They are complete—their work is done. So
let them sleep in endless rest.
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor
can be, fully blest;
It has no room to spread its wings amid this
crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its
sweetness here below—
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody
baptism of woe—
Crowned and completed through its pain,
we know that it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here,
where our air is dark and dense,
And nothing in this world of night lives with
a living so intense;
When it shall reach its home at length—how
bright its light! how strong its strength!

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for
such base counterfeits abound)
Shall perish with what gave them birth—
their graves are green and fresh around—
No funeral song shall need to rise for the
true Love that never dies.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen
again, we should not know
What was our Life of Life when here—the
hearts we loved so much below;
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor
a thing away.

But love is no such soulless clod—living,
perfected, it shall rise,
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving
glory to the skies;
And that which makes this life so sweet
shall render Heaven's joy complete.

THE LAST DIVE OF THE NAUTILUS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUAKER PARTISANS," &c.

CHAPTER III.

I didn't say it began to rain. It didn't. There was no beginning about it. One instant not a drop of water to be felt except the flying spoon-drift that swept like a mist through the air;—the next a blinding, roaring cataract swashing down upon us as if an ocean somewhere above had been turned upside down.

We had all been wet through by the drift before, so it didn't make much difference in that respect; but it was impossible now to see the ship's length ahead, and there was no telling what we might run foul of. We were going straight out from the land, that was one comfort. But there might be other ships which had run out from the land, now drifting dismasted and helpless in our track; and if we should come into collision with them, there was an uncomfortable probability that we should go down lovingly together to the bottom of the sea, that is if it had any bottom; a point on which old "Gabble" always expressed strong doubts.

When the rain began to fall the wind began to fall with it, and the sea to rise, its surface relieved from the tremendous pressure.

In another hour it was rolling in huge combers on which the ship reeled and pitched and jerked as if she would jerk the masts out of her.

"We must get the fore course on her, Mr. Carson," said the captain; "those seas are running faster than we are, and we shall have the decks swept by some of them."

"It 'll tear the mast out of her bodily," said Carson.

"We must risk it," said the captain, "it is our only chance. Get the sail on her at once."

Carson looked steadily at the captain for one instant, and then saying quietly—

"My business is to obey orders, sir," sprang upon the windlass, and gave the order to let fall the sail.

The men sprang aloft, cast loose the gaskets at the moment when a high wave, rolling up astern, becalmed the huge sail, and let it fall, when it was hauled down to its bearings.

As the ship's head rose again on the next sea, the wind caught the sail, and she leaped forward like a race horse, while we stood watching the straining canvas, expecting every instant to see it fly.

It was a hard trial for the sail, much more so than if there had been a steady pressure upon it; every now and then a high wave astern would intercept the wind for a moment, or the ship's head would go down into the trough, and the sail would be becalmed and shake the wind out of it; then as the bows rose the wind would catch it again, and it would belly out with a "flop" and a jerk of the sheets that fairly made them sing as they tautened.

Every time the sail filled suddenly in this manner I looked to see it split or the sheets part, or the yard snap in the slings.

How wood and hemp and canvas stood the successive shocks that made every mast and spar and timber in the ship quiver I don't know, but they held on, and we drove before the gale.

The rain ceased, and the clouds had begun to thin, when one of the men who was standing near me suddenly exclaimed—

"Broke away! there's a star!"

I looked up, and through a rift in the clouds saw a single star shining calmly down upon us racing for life before the wild fury of the tempest.

It brought to my mind Kirke White's beautiful hymn which I had learned years before at my mother's knee, and I found myself involuntarily crooning over the lines—

"When suddenly a star appeared,
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

I was startled from my ill-timed reverie by hearing Captain Lawton's clear voice break in like the blast of a trumpet:

"Hold on all there! hold on for your lives!"

One glance showed us what he meant.

The bows were rising upon a high wave, the stern, of course, proportionably depressed. In other words we were just rising out of the trough of the sea; the foresail was still flapping against the mast, and there, right over the taffrail, came heaving up a solid black wall of water like the side of a hill, its crest bristling with the foam just curling over.

I was standing in the waist at the moment, steadying myself with one hand on the mainstay.

I gave one thought to home and those who were sorrowing for me there, one thought of good counsels never heeded nor listened to, one glance at the star I never expected to see again, one thought of prayer and repentance, drowned by the sickening feeling, "too late, too late!" and then, with the strong instinct of self-preservation, swayed myself up the stay, hand over hand, with desperate energy, if, haply, I might reach a point above the rush of the wave as it swept the deck.

The seaman's instinct had grown strong within me, even thus early, and, almost without being conscious of it, I kept my eyes upon the men at the wheel.

They were watching the wave which hung almost over their heads, but they never flinched; the wheel stood firm and steady as a rock; and for a moment I lost sight of the danger in admiration of their cool courage.

Of course all this, which I have taken so many lines to write, passed in the merest instant of time.

I was still swinging up the stay when I saw the crest of the wave curl slowly over, with an awful, relentless deliberateness, the wind tearing its upper edge, even as it turned, into a ragged line of spray, and then, with a roar like that of a cataract, a white sheet of water came plunging down, right upon the helm and the four brave men who stood at it, doing their duty to the last.

A final desperate scramble, as the wave broke, had placed me above its reach on the stay.

It swept along the deck beneath me like a mountain torrent broke loose, and on its boiling surface I saw the wheel, torn from its fastenings, shoot by with one man clinging to it, nothing of him visible but his head supported by the rim, and his hands grasping it on each side.

The men forward had scrambled up the shrouds and stays nearest them and were safe from the wave, but as I looked down and saw nothing beneath me but water—for the whole deck as far forward as the bitts was all afloat—I gave up all for lost.

We were in most imminent danger. Undoubtedly ships have foundered at sea in this way, fairly beaten to the bottom, and been never heard of more.

The "Nautilus" was a buoyant ship, but for one awful moment, the recollection of which makes my flesh creep even now, after all these long years, she seemed to be settling.

Then as the wave swept over her bows, with a slow, labored motion, as though dragging up a heavy weight, her stern gradually heaved itself up, and then with a lurch to port that sent the earing on the main yard dipping into the sea, and her deck load of water pouring like the fall of a dam over the bulwarks—then another roll to starboard, and the strong ship had shaken herself free from the enemy that held her down.

The water that remained on the deck soon discharged itself through the scuppers, and those of us who were left alive felt ourselves safe for the time.

Of the four men who had been at the wheel three had been washed overboard; the fourth, the man I had seen clinging to it as it passed beneath me, was lying under it on the deck, dead.

The caboose, with "Gabble" in it, had been wrenched from its fastenings and knocked to shivers against the foremast.

The long-boat was adrift over the starboard bow, and was dancing like a cork, bobbing friskily at us on the churning sea, and sending forth from its bosom in a discordant wail the voices of sheep bleating, and pigs squealing and grunting hideously.

The other boats were either stove or off on a voyage of discovery on their own account, for nothing could be seen of them.

"Gabble" was sitting flat on the deck, where he had been spilt from the caboose when it went to pieces, rolling his eyes wildly, and hugging in his arms a section of the stove pipe, which he had apparently grasped under some insane hallucination that it was a plank.

Four or five others of the men were injured more or less seriously.

Captain Lawton had been swept from the quarter deck, where he stood near the wheel, and had saved himself from going over the side by clinging to the foremast shrouds, against which he was thrown. The wave had been nearly spent by the time it reached this point, or no human grip could have held for a second.

He had been under water nearly long enough to be choked; but the moment he recovered his breath, he was half way up the lower shrouds giving his orders as coolly as ever.

The helm was got temporarily under command by braces fastened to the tiller and rove through the blocks belonging to the wheel ropes.

The poor fellow who had died at his post was lifted from under the wheel and carefully laid out on the quarter deck, wrapped in a canvas.

Those who had been hurt were carried below into the steerage.

The gale had abated considerably, and though the sea was still running high, Capt. Lawton determined to lie to under staysails.

The ship drifted a good deal in this trim, though we held our own quite as well as we had any right to expect. We were making ourselves comfortable in the prospect of turning in before long, when suddenly the old carpenter, pale as a ghost, came up from below, pressed forward to where the captain was standing, and spoke to him in a low voice.

I was standing near and caught the words: "Six feet water in the hold!"

The captain swung himself lightly to the deck, saying calmly, "That looks ugly, Mr. Brace, but she must have shipped the most of it when that sea went over us. Don't alarm the men, but take two or three hands quietly, and see if you can find any leak."

Brace dove below again, and the captain, turning to Carson, said, as quietly as ever, "Mr. Carson, have the pumps rigged and ready for service. We caught some of that sea through the companion hatch that I see is carried away."

The pumps were got ready, the men stationed at them, and we waited the carpenter's report.

In a few minutes, he came up again, if possible, paler than ever, and whispered in the captain's ear.

"Seven feet! did you say?" said the captain; "then it's time to work, sure enough." Then addressing the crew—"Now, boys, we're just where I expected we would be, after all this straining; there's seven feet water in the hold, and it's rising like a spring tide. If you want to keep above water, lay to and work with a will."

No second order was needed. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the "clank, clank," of the brakes began.

The water gushed out full and *clear*—a bad sign that—and the men, stripped to their waists, worked furiously.

"Steady there, steady," said Carson, "a long, steady stroke, without jerking; you don't raise any more water, and you'll fag yourselves down in no time."

The ship was got before the wind again, with just enough sail to give her steerage way, and the work went on for another hour.

The well was sounded again.

"Seven feet."

"No *gain* by the leak, then," said the captain. "So far, good. If we can ride out this gale, Mr. Carson, I think we can clear the ship of water."

We spelled each other at the pumps every fifteen minutes, but it was wearisome work. I felt, besides, far from comfortable at the prospect before us. By the rate at which the water came in, it was evident that the terrible straining the ship had undergone had opened her seams somewhere. The only hope was that it was not far below the water line. Even if it were, however, the still heavy rolling and pitching of the ship had a tendency to strain them farther open.

This must have been actually the case; for, after working till daylight, we found that the leak had gained some six inches on us, in spite of all our efforts.

The wind had by this time gone down, and was blowing not more than a smart topgallant breeze; but the ground swell, which always takes its time to subside after a gale, was still rolling heavily.

We were all worn out, and poor "Gabble" was lying on the deck blowing like a porpoise, his fat, glistening body looking not unlike one in color and smoothness, dead beat.

The rest of us were not in much better plight; and though the pumps still clanked on, it was slowly and languidly, compared to the energy with which they had been worked at first.

This would not do. Captain Lawton had conscientiously done his utmost to save his cargo, but it had now come down to a question between the preservation of the cargo and the safety of the ship and all on board; for, all of our boats having been swept away, had the ship gone down then, every soul on board must have gone with her.

The order was given to lighten the ship; and never was order obeyed more promptly and energetically. Overboard went the guns first, with the exception of one piece reserved for signals. Then most of the ammunition; then the boxes and bales from below, and in a couple of hours, I don't know how many thousand dollars' worth of property was at the bottom of the sea, or floating about on its tumbling surface.

We had a supercargo on board, but he had hardly left his state room during the voyage, and I had seen so little of him that I forgot his existence.

He was a tall, pompous fellow, who had been taken from behind a desk in the owners' counting house, and placed in his present position, and felt what Gabble called "worry prognosticacious" on the strength of it.

He had never been to sea before, and was totally ignorant of the danger we were in. Indeed, he seemed to have but two ideas; first, that there was a cargo on board, and secondly, that it was under his charge.

He had remained below during the gale, until he was fairly washed out by the sea which had swept us, and which had broken into his state room and sent him half drowned to the deck.

He had looked on stolidly enough while we were starting the guns and ammunition overboard, holding on by a stay and bearing himself with as much dignity as comported with his drenched and shivering condition, and a good deal of posturing to keep his feet from flying uppermost as the ship lurched. But when his darling cargo began to follow them, he called out pompously,

"Captain Lawton, I forbid this proceeding."

"We're sinking, sir," said the captain calmly; "it is the cargo or ourselves; we must lighten the ship."

"I care nothing about that, sir; it is your duty to keep the cargo in the ship while she floats. I can show you authority—"

"There is higher authority than yours or mine or the law's at work, sir," interrupted the captain, still calmly, but just a shade more peremptorily, "and I shall obey *it*."

"You are master of the ship; I am master of the cargo," said the other. "You men," he added, addressing two of the crew who were rolling a hogshead to the gangway, "throw that over at your peril."

The men halted for a moment, irresolute.

"Over with it," yelled the captain; and then, swinging himself down from his place on the shrouds, he walked straight up to the supercargo. "Are you mad or drunk, sir, that you dare countermand my orders?" He spoke in a rather low tone, but very clear, every syllable as sharp and distinct as the crack of a rifle. His face was dead white—always an ugly sign in an angry man—and his eyes sparkled as if a red hot crackling fire was behind them. "If you interfere again, by word or look or motion, I'll have you thrown into the sea after your cargo."

He turned on his heel and walked back to his post. He evidently meant precisely what he said, and didn't intend to waste words about it; and the supercargo thenceforward held his peace.

CHAPTER IV.

The cargo being out of the way, we were enabled to make a better search for the leak. We found one or two of the seams opened slightly near the water line, but the worst leak was evidently under the starboard quarter, below the level of the water inside, the surface of which was bubbling and boiling furiously.

There were still some heavy water casks in the run, which it was necessary to remove before we could get at the leak.

When a sufficient space was cleared, I fastened the bight of a rope around my waist and dove down, to see if I could reach the leak. About four feet below the surface, as near as I could guess, I found it; a gaping crack, through which I thrust my hand and wrist. I could do no more then, as I had to come up to breathe. Once more I went down, to see if I could ascertain how long the opening was, but without success, the force with which the water poured in rendering it impossible for me to keep under the surface without something to hold by. We could only judge by the line of foam which stretched for ten feet along, above the leak.

I was too busy to think much then, and was not conscious of noticing particularly, any of the surrounding circumstances; but, as I write now, an old man, the wierd scene comes back upon me with strange distinctness.

The black water swashing heavily to and fro in the darkness, as the ship rolled on the swell; the faint light from the lantern flashing on the line of white bubbling foam above the leak; the anxious face of the carpenter as he clung to the hatchway ladder holding the lantern at arms length; the low gurgling rush of the in-coming sea, awful in its suggestiveness; the reports of the gun, minute after minute; the monotonous clank, clank of the pumps far above on the deck; the figure of the solitary boy swimming with a rope fastened to his waist, down there in what might soon be his coffin; are all vividly before me, as I sit quietly here, writing.

"It's no use tryin' any more, Billy," said the carpenter, in a low voice, "another hour or two 'll settle all our accounts for this world, with a bad show for those that ain't ready for the next."

As he spoke he hauled me in to the ladder, and we made our way to the deck to report.

"How much longer will she float, Brace?" inquired the captain, after hearing the carpenter's statement.

"Not more than an hour or two, I should think, sir," said Brace.

"And we haven't a boat left," said the captain; "get the men to work and lash such timbers together as you can for rafts. Mr. Carson, take two or three of the steadiest below with you, and pass up the hurt men first, and then provisions and water.

Meantime, a flag was hoisted, union down, as a signal of distress. I had noticed three or four of the men, for some minutes past, whispering together, and just now they went quietly below, one at a time. I mentioned it to the captain.

"The scoundrels!" said he; "at the spirit room, are they? Jump down into the cabin, Billy, and bring me my pistols."

"Now," said he, in the same tone in which he had spoken to the supercargo, as I handed them to him, "let me see the man that touches the door of that room, without my orders."

He hurried below as he spoke, followed closely by the second mate and myself. I had found a pair of small pistols in the locker that contained those I had given the captain, and slipped them into my pockets quietly, thinking I might find use for them before all was done.

The men had already reached the door of the spirit room, and one of them was trying to pry off the lock, quietly, with a marlingspike. The others had handspikes.

Springing suddenly upon the fellow at the door, Captain Lawton seized him by the collar and whirled him back on his companions. Then setting his back against the door, a cocked pistol in each hand, he stood looking at the fellows with that deadly whiteness of face and the scintillating look about the eyes, of which I have before spoken. I expected an explosion; but the look passed away in a moment, and he spoke slowly and almost sadly.

"For shame, men, for shame! Another hour may send you all into your Maker's presence; haven't you sins enough to answer for, without going there drunk?"

"Oh! yes, captain, that's all very fine," said one of the men, "an' spoke like a parson; but I go for a short life and a merry; we're all goin' to Davy's locker anyhow, an' we mean to go there happy; don't we, mates?" he added, looking at his companions; who nodded.

"Oh! you mean mutiny," said the captain, as calmly as before; "it *will* be a short life to the man who comes a step nearer; too short to get very merry in."

"We'll see that," said the fellow, swinging up his handspike and rushing forward, followed by the other three.

"Yes;" said the captain, raising his pistol instantly, and pressing the trigger. It snapped!

With a harsh laugh, the man sprang within reach and drew back the handspike to strike a sweeping, horizontal blow.

I had stationed myself beside the captain at the start, and had kept my hand upon one of the small pistols, and now, at the instant when the right arm was drawn across the chest, just as the blow was coming, I fired. The handspike rattled to the deck, and the arm dropped by its owner's side, broken. At the same instant, with the other pistol in my hand, bringing into play an old fighting trick I had learned at school, I stooped forward and made a rush at him before he could recover himself, driving my head straight against his stomach, just below the waist.

He doubled up with the pain, and we fell on the deck together, I uppermost, with my hand on his throat and the muzzle of my pistol at his lips.

"Knock the kid on the head, some of you," he growled to the others, who stood for an instant looking on; "what the devil are you gapin' at?"

Glancing upwards, out of the corner of one eye, I saw the marlingspike raised above my head by another of the men, and the next instant something swept above me, and the fellow went down like a bullock, felled by the captain's heavy pistol, which had been hurled in his face.

The mate had already attacked the third man, like a wildcat, tooth and nail, and they were rolling on the deck in furious scuffle; while the captain, who had sprung over me and my man, was standing with one foot on the fellow he had knocked down, his left hand twisted into the neckcloth of the remaining man, and his right hand holding a pistol at his head.

The whole thing was the work of a moment; and by the time we had arrived at this position of affairs, Carson, with several of the crew who had been alarmed by the pistol shot and the noise of the scuffle, rushed in a body to the spot.

"Put these mutineers in irons, Mr. Carson," said the captain, as coolly as though he expected to carry his vessel into port; "if we go down, they can go with us; if we escape, they'll take their trial."

"The ship's a wreck, an' we ain't under nobody's orders," muttered the ringleader.

"You'll find that you're under my orders, sir," said the captain, "while two planks of the ship hold together; away with them to the deck."

It was now about the middle of the morning. The leak had been gaining frightfully, and the ship was so low in the water, that the swell broke constantly over the deck.

The sun shone brightly, without a cloud; the wind had sunk to a quiet breeze, and the sea-gulls were sailing through the air and around the heavily swaying masts, full of life, while we stood balancing ourselves upon the lid of our uneasy coffin, waiting the moment when it should plunge into its mighty grave.

A raft had been made and was ready to be launched; while several floats, large enough to carry perhaps three or four men each, had been constructed of planks by lashing empty casks to their ends, connected by ropes running along each side about high enough to come under the arm-pit when sitting on the plank; but they were forlorn hopes, at the best.

At last the captain gave the order to stand by to launch the raft: and had just raised his head to call down the lookout who had been stationed aloft since daybreak, when the latter suddenly sprang to his feet on the cross-trees, waved his hand over his head, and yelled, "Sail ho!"

I am telling this a great deal more calmly than I went through it at the time.

Neither men nor boys stand idle by the hour, waiting for the ship that holds them to carry them down to the bottom of the sea, not knowing but that every roll or pitch she gives may be the last, without a good deal of intense thought. It is an awful thing to stand, as it were, and watch Death coming, not to somebody else, (though that is bad enough,) but *to yourself*, with that slow, deliberate, relentless step, never faltering, never slackening, never hurrying, with which he approached us that morning.

I had braced up every nerve to the utmost, to meet my fate without any unmanly show of fear, but this sudden glimpse of deliverance, coming like the announcement of a pardon to the criminal standing on the gallow's trap, unstrung them all at once, and overcome by the powerful reaction, I leaned my head against the mast and cried like the boy I was, after all.

When I had recovered a little, I glanced around, feeling somewhat ashamed of myself; but I saw moist eyes looking out from more than one weather-beaten face, and the "doctor," with the nervous excitability of his race, had fairly given his feelings their head, and was lying on the broad of his back, beating a tattoo on the deck with his heels, and mixing up broken ejaculations with explosions of mingled laughter and sobs, in a tremendous fit of what he afterwards informed me was "de double-jointed stickericks, de wust kind."

"Sail ho!" again. "A sail broad on the starboard bow!"

"How does she head?"

"Nearly on our own course I think, sir. I can see down to her main yard."

"Does she see us?"

"Think not, sir; she's holdin' on the same course."

"I wish we had a heavier gun," muttered the captain. "Mr. Carson, cast loose all three t'gall'n s'ls, and let them fly; grease the muzzle of the gun and put a double charge in it; if they hear it and see our light sails adrift, they'll be likely to come down to us to see what's the matter."

These orders were obeyed instantly, a dozen of us springing aloft to loose the sails, though it certainly was nervous work to leave the deck, uncertain whether we should have one to return to when we were done.

The loosened sails flapped and fluttered in the wind, and we remained aloft, eagerly watching the ship.

The next moment, immediately following the loud report of the gun, came a deep, heavy boom, rolling over the water from the distant vessel.

"See!" exclaimed the second mate, who was beside me, "see, she's wearin' 'round."

And sure enough, there she came, heading down towards us, shaking out her light sails, not one or two at a time, but all at once, with a precision and rapidity that could belong only to a man o' war.

We gave an involuntary cheer.

"Lay down from aloft there, all hands! Down with you!" came from the deck with sudden and startling energy, as the ship gave a heavier roll and plunge than ever.

I suppose I must have reached the deck by the back stay, though I have no recollection how I got down; but the call seemed hardly to have done sounding in my ears when I found myself standing there with the skin rubbed off my fingers and the palms of my hands, and a bloody track on each leg from the friction of the rope.

The stranger neared us rapidly, coming

down like a race horse, under her cloud of canvas.

It was high time, for our deck was almost awash, and the water was beginning to bubble up through the scuppers, and every pitch might send us down.

Then all the stranger's light sails were taken in; she rounded to with a magnificent sweep, and was lying snug under her three topsails, hove to within a hundred yards of us in a fraction of time that amazed me, who had never seen sail taken in on any vessel but our own.

The next moment the boats were pulling towards us, the spray flying from their bows and the long oars springing like steel blades, as the men surged upon them.

No questions had been asked; they did not even go through the form of hailing us from the ship, for our situation was too evident to require explanation or leave time to be wasted in useless words.

Captain Lawton stood in the gangway, passed the men into the boats as they came successively alongside, in regular order; the supercargo first, as being our only representative of passengers; then the hurt men; then the four mutineers who were in irons and helpless; then the crew and mates, and last of all himself, leaving the dead helmsman to go down with the ship as his fittest burial.

As the captain stepped into the boat the ship plunged heavily forward, burying her bows in the foam and heaving her stern high in the air.

"Pull men! Pull for your lives!" shouted the midshipman in command, seizing a boat hook and shoving off vigorously; "she'll suck us down with her. Give way!"

The men sprang to their oars, and with two or three sweeps sent the boat clear of the danger.

The ship hung, as it were, poised for a moment, and then, with a smooth, snake-like glide, shot head-foremost down.

There was a rush of water from each side pouring in after her, a bubbling, seething mass of foam where the two torrents met, and then the swell rolled as quietly as ever, knocking lazily about on its surface the rafts and floats, with a few scattered planks and the floating remains of the cargo, that was all.

I saw Captain Lawton dash his hand across his eyes, and his lips trembled as he muttered something to himself, and then, too much exhausted to talk, now that the excitement was over, we were pulled in silence to the other ship.

She was an English frigate, homeward bound from a two years' cruise in the Indian Ocean, under the command of Captain Blake. She had been caught in the edge of the gale, where its force was considerably diminished, had been blown out of her course, but had received no material damage.

As soon as all were safe on board, the frigate held on her course, the hurt men being properly cared for, and the mutineers secured.

The addition of nearly forty men to her full complement made rather close quarters for all hands. All were willing however to accommodate themselves to circumstances, except the supercargo, whose dignity was hurt at not having a whole state-room to himself, which was more than the captain of the frigate had, for he very good-naturedly shared his cabin with Captain Lawton.

The supercargo complained to Captain Blake the next morning at breakfast, saying that he was not accustomed to having other people in his room (the donkey shared the first lieutenant's state-room, much to the latter's inconvenience,) and requesting that he might have a room to himself.

"Gabble," who was making himself useful as a kind of steward's clerk for the nonce, overheard the conversation, and afterwards told me about it; he said that "Cap'n Blake looked dreffful digested,"—by which, I suppose, he meant disgusted—but explained to him, more civilly than he deserved, that in the crowded state of the vessel, which being a man-of-war was not at any time blessed with much superfluous room, it would be impossible to give him a separate apartment.

Finally, getting out of patience at the man's stupid selfishness, he told him that if he insisted upon sleeping alone, he might make his choice between the cable tier and one of the quarter boats, which were the only unoccupied apartments in the ship.

"Gabble" said that supercargo "got worry brumptrious" at this, and left the cabin in a huff.

The rest of us were distributed through the different messes among the crew, and got along very well, standing our watches and doing duty as if we belonged to the ship, till we reached England, and were handed over to the American Consul at London.

A large part of the men, tempted by the bounty offered, and driven by the necessity of employment, were drafted into various men-of-war, the rest of us succeeded in finding berths in different vessels bound for home.

Carson and I had stuck together through everything, and at last were fortunate enough to find a brig bound for the port whence I had sailed, and wanted two hands to make up her crew. The captain looked rather contemptuously at the stripling who proposed to represent a "hand," but finally consented, on the representation of Carson, to take me on boy's wages.

I was so anxious to get home, by this time, that I would have gone for no wages at all.

We made a quick run, and in less than a month Carson and I entered together the little lodging-house on the wharf about nine o'clock in the evening.

There was no change in the room. The same fire, to all appearance, was burning on the hearth, the same stout, cheery-looking woman was standing in the same position in the little bar, and, as far as I could remember, the same group were gathered around the fire, with the exception of my old enemy Bill Skinner.

He, the landlady told me, when I inquired affectionately after him, "had walked into the dock one night when he was too drunk to know his arms from his legs, and never came up again."

The next morning, after breakfast—for which and my lodging the landlady refused to take a cent—I started on foot for home with a bundle over my shoulder, containing the few clothes I had, and a plentiful supply of food which the good-hearted landlady had placed there.

I reached the neighborhood of home about dusk, but did not enter the town till after dark for fear some one might see and recognize me in my seedy condition.

Towards the early bed time of the place I approached the house, and stealing to the parlor window, looked in.

It was cheerfully lighted by candles, and a blazing fire in the old Franklin stove, whose embossed sides I remembered so well.

My mother and sister sat by the small table sewing; my father was in his arm-chair, with a book in his hand, but apparently paying little heed to it.

Their faces had an anxious, worn look, of which I knew the meaning only too well.

Opening the door quietly, I stole through the entry to the parlor door, opened it and advanced a step or two into the room, with my bundle over my shoulder.

At the noise of my entrance all three turned their heads; my father had half risen from his chair to ask what I wanted, I suppose, when my sister, whose younger eyes recognized me at once, sprang from her chair, exclaiming, "Mother! mother! it's William!" and, disregarding my extremely seedy appearance, hugged me violently.

My mother rose from her seat, tottered towards me a few steps with her arms stretched out, and then fell back fainting into the arms of my father, who had just risen from his chair, and was advancing towards us.

I pass over the rest. There were no reproofs, no reproaches; nothing but joy that the lost wanderer had come back.

THE PARTING.

Sweet, let me touch your hand;
Your little hand, with its fair rosy palm
And slender wrist, where the full pulse beats calm.
Sweet, let me touch your hand!

And let me kiss your lips;
Soft, ruby lips, that half conceal the pearl,
And half disclose it in their dainty curl;
Sweet, let me kiss your lips!

Ah, well; we're parting now!
What has become of all the love you swore
Should be my own forever, evermore,
When we are parting now?

Not let me touch your hand?
Well, I remember when it lay at rest
In mine, a whole long summer's day caressed—
And now not touch your hand?

Think of your broken vow.
You swore, with pretty oaths, as maidens do,
"By our last kiss, I will be true to you."
Think of that broken vow.

What! not a word to say?
Ah, faithless sweet! you turn away your head,
And bite your lip until it grows more red;
But not one word to say.

Well, then, clasp hands and part;
I see the angry blood flush in your cheek.
Ah, child! I thought you strong, and you are weak.
Let us clasp hands, and part.

Some time the day may come,
Poor fickle heart, when you will moan, and weep
True tears from faithless eyes that cannot sleep—
Some time the day must come.

And so, weak heart, good-by!
When that day comes, you will remember me;
Thinking it might have been, but may not be;
And so good-by—good-by!

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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CHAPTER XII.

Ere such a heart regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate;
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget.
—*Pope.*

Mr. St. John subsided again into his lofty reserve. He began to treat me with a studied indifference, as if I was altogether beneath any friendly concern. And yet it was singular how attentive he was in any point of duty. Much as he and Aylmer bickered he never for an instant forgot his position as host, or made his guest feel that he was an unwelcome visitor.

I wished that Aylmer had not been quite so ready to tease. Mrs. Lawrence looked upon the warfare between them as a matter of mere amusement, and oftener hastened to the rescue of her cousin than that of her brother, though their bitterest encounters had generally occurred in my presence. But one morning at the breakfast-table when he appeared unusually distraught, Aylmer said gayly—

"Cousin Isabelle, I made a discovery a few evenings ago."

"What was it, pray?" and she smiled.

"That Stuart is in love. He has grown most melancholy of late."

"Like other diseases, I suppose, the older one is the more severe the malady. You are not past hope," and she glanced at him with a glimmer of amusement.

"As if there was nothing to a man's life but this insane folly!" he retorted in a sharp, bitter tone. "I believe the world runs mad on the subject. When you find me committing such a stupendous blunder it will be time to laugh, at present I have no such intentions."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, but Mrs. Lawrence covered it with her usual ready tact.

I sat still, chilled in some inexplicable way. I knew she had never considered him a marrying man, or likely to be attracted by any woman. Oh, what wild, fatal dreams I had been indulging in!—dashed to a pitiless ruin at a word. How was I to recover, to retrieve my pride, to cast off this influence that had begun to envelope me so closely. I rose slowly, every pulse filled with keenest anguish. As I past him he turned his cold eyes full upon me. Not a ray of light or tenderness—I must find my way alone out of this labyrinth, endure my tortures without a moan.

Well, I *would* conquer. No one should ever penetrate the depths of my soul for this secret. I would uproot it to the uttermost fibre. More than all, I would make myself happy. I plunged into a brilliant mood, and for the remainder of the day was extravagantly gay, but this did not escape his bitter comments. They touched me to the very soul, and as he sauntered majestically away tears of passionate pain sprang to my eyes.

"My darling, what has my barbarous cousin been saying to you?" and the soft, sweet voice fell on my strained and tortured nerves like fragrant balm, softer and sweeter than ever before. "Sydnie, I *must* say it now— I love you with the tenderest affection of a man's heart. Day after day I have lingered in the hope of finding some moment when you would listen. You must have fancied—"

My breath came in gasps.

"Hush," I said. "Your pity has been stirred—your sympathy aroused—"

"But I loved from the first moment that I saw you. Nay, I shall take no refusal, my darling. I will wait, but I feel that you *must* be mine at last. In my love you shall be shielded from the slightest cloud or shadow, not a harsh word or a frown shall ever invade the sacred precincts of our affection. I have longed to say this so often, so often; I have dared to dream, to hope. Must it go for nothing? I have treasured looks and tones, and believed that you of all others could not be insincere; could not betray with so dear a smile."

I felt the rain of kisses on hair and brow, and experienced a thrill of delight at the thought of being so precious to one fond heart. And like a flash all my wants and desires were unveiled to my own soul. I seemed to look at myself in this extremity with sad, powerless eyes and nerveless hands. Why not drift with the current? Would the salvation be worth the struggle?

Once in a hundred times perhaps a woman might attain to Pisgah heights through the influence of a soul strong enough to master hers and take it into guidance. This could never be my happy lot. I had missed the destiny that might have moulded me into the completeness I knew I was capable of attaining. So what matter?

I knew there was one side of my nature that Aylmer Channing's grace and beauty and tender winsomeness could never touch. In some moods I should be forever alone. I could never rise to any great heights, but was that absolutely necessary for a woman? This continual straining after unknown good produced dissatisfaction, impatience, weariness. Why not enjoy the bright portion of life and let these puzzling speculations become food for essayists and reformers? I *did* like him, might it not reach the heaven of love at last?

"Be patient with me," I said at length. "I cannot answer you now."

"My darling if you *could* only find rest in my heart. Every pulse of it beats for you alone. I will wait, but I *must* hope. Do not forbid that."

The lustrous eyes suffused with tenderest passion won me against myself. The smooth flowery stream was destined to be mine.

I slept but little that night so engrossed was I with the events that seemed to press upon me with their momentous importance. If I could only shift the responsibility, if I dared ask counsel of one in whom I had a curious, absolute faith, in spite of our utter lack of agreement. That was quite impossible, however.

After all how quietly the greatest difficulties settle themselves! Before noon of the next day Aylmer had made Mrs. Lawrence his confidant, and she came to congratulate me.

"I am not actually engaged," I said.

She was persistently sweet and persuasive. Aylmer's graces lost nothing at her hands, and his love was set forth with an eloquence of which I had hardly deemed her capable. She made it appear the very thing I had desired, the great good and blessing of my future life. Listening to her my scruples grew weaker, my wearied brain and heart lapsed into peace, thankful for a resting place at last. And when I found how deeply Aylmer's heart was engrossed, I had not the courage to array an army of paltry objections.

A strange, sweet atmosphere surrounded me for a day or two, then the tempest broke forth. I was alone in the library when Mr. St. John entered, his face pale, but his eyes glittering with half-suppressed passion.

I glanced up from my book with the presentiment of a crisis.

"May I command your attention for a few moments?" he asked rather loftily.

"*Command!*" The word stung me. My lip curled with resentment as I replied coldly—"I await your pleasure."

"Am I to understand that Mr. Channing is authorized *by you* to ask my consent to an engagement between you and himself?"

"He is," I said haughtily, and I felt my eyes kindling.

"If not too impertinent a question I should like to know how long he has been your favorite lover?"

There was a little sneer in this that roused me, but I kept my temper.

"We have been engaged a few days, if that is what you mean," I said, and then I glanced out of the window with an indifferent air.

"I preferred hearing this from you that I might know in what light to consider it."

"Had you any doubt?" I asked scornfully.

"I did not know how far an undue susceptibility and a large share of vanity might lead a young man who makes fascination a study."

"You had no right to question it. It is like your usual generosity."

He made an angry gesture, and frowned in a sharp, imperious manner.

"And this absurd child's play was with your consent?"

"If you mean by that," I returned, burning with indignation, "that children only can understand and appreciate the best gifts of life, love and tenderness, I hope we shall never attain to your cold, narrow, selfish ideal."

"Children! Love! Miss Adriance, it takes a man's heart to receive the impression of this indelible tenderness and ardent affection, akin to the infinite; and it requires the purely developed soul of a woman to appreciate and return *such* love."

"Indeed. Have you been studying the subject?

"I am aware that with many, a man is simply a fashionable butterfly, who dances elegantly, has his mind well stored with small talk, vapid as his own brain, and makes his body a walking advertisement of the latest fashions. I cannot comprehend the purpose of such men's lives, unless it be to flatter foolish women and flirt."

"Your knowledge of the world is varied as well as extensive."

"Of late I have seen some interesting subjects for study."

"I hope they have repaid your profound attention."

There was a pause in which we both took breath. Every moment I seemed to hate him more bitterly, and yet how magnificent he looked, his arms folded upon his broad chest, his brow white with passion, and his eyes fairly blazing. How he could temper and control himself! He fairly extorted my admiration.

"Am I to believe you sufficiently infatuated to think Aylmer honestly desires this engagement?"

"Call it infatuation or any name you choose, it cannot make the love less a fact."

"*His* love a fact! I gave you credit for better sense!"

Oh, the withering contempt in the tone! It roused me to white heat.

"Because I am not misanthropic enough to doubt; because I know the reality of this feeling in hearts still human, and accept the offering, you taunt me with a lack of sense. What have you to say against his love? What *can* you say?"

"What can I say? One important truth. He has flitted from heart to heart, loved dozens with the same passionate admiration that he offers you, bowed at every shrine that came in his way. In six months he will weary of you."

"It is false!" I said passionately. "You are unjust, suspicious and prejudiced. Because your cousin is not cast in your narrow mould, you are resolved to see no virtue in him. All we ask of you is a simple assent."

"Suppose I refuse for the present?"

"We can wait. I have no fear, although you are so doubtful."

"Very well," he said coolly. "The matter may remain in abeyance for some time. Perhaps your eyes may grow clearer."

I sprang up, roused in every pulse. Did he dare to display his fancied power over me in that fashion?

"I ought to be flattered by this solicitude, seeing what excellent reasons you can give for your unmanly vigilance."

"Miss Adriance, be calm, I beg of you. Just now you have been caught by a little glitter and show, and you have not had sufficient experience to distinguish between the false and the true. In three months you will weary of the bond yourself. You really do not know what love is."

The cool contempt stung me. His piercing eyes were turned full upon me, and I felt mine shrink from the glance. *Could* he read my heart, see how I had wavered between love and pride and resentment? Even now I felt myself in his power and longed to free my soul from the unworthy bondage, for it *was* unworthy. What did he care whether I was happy or miserable? He would not so much as raise his finger to add to my comfort; but instead, torture me by cruel words and unjust suspicions. I tried to steady my voice, which I hardly dared trust, and said with cold calmness—

"Very well, we will wait."

A strange expression flitted over his face. It seemed to me that he was almost disappointed at my resolve.

I took up my book again, and presently he left the room. Not too soon, indeed, for my eyes were full of bitter, passionate tears. The life I wanted to make so happy and complete, so worthy of true existence, stretched out before me a miserable failure. Not the conclusion that I most desired, and yet I must take it up and make it my sole earthly good.

When I recovered my self-possession, I went to Mrs. Lawrence's room to learn the meaning of Mr. St. John's resolve. I found her flushed and nervous also.

"My dear Sydnie," she began with a forced smile, "this has been a rather awkward and unfortunate explanation. Aylmer feels dreadfully about it. The truth is, Stuart indulges in some strange notions about his right of guardianship, and when he takes a freak in his head he *is* queer and unreasonable. As if a girl of nineteen did not know her own mind! I am absolutely vexed. And his objections to Aylmer are so trifling, so unjust. He never was a great favorite with my brother."

"Well," I said haughtily, "we can wait. Time will prove who is right."

"Aylmer has been quite gay to be sure," she went on, rather deprecatingly, "and young men with his attractions can hardly help flirting a little. I have no doubt about his regard for you, and he will convince Stuart of its truth. This is carrying animosity too far."

"He expresses some solicitude for me also," I returned scornfully.

"My dear, don't let this distress you;" and there was a tenderness in her tone that sounded like real affection. "Above all things, do not distrust Aylmer. You possess so many charms that you appeal to both sense and soul. I have been talking with him, and he certainly is a most enraptured lover, quite up to your ideal," and she smiled.

"I shall not doubt him, unless he gives me just cause," I answered gravely, with a consciousness that he was not exactly my ideal, and a certain forlorn sense of being astray in the path where it was of the highest importance to be right.

"Stuart was brought up in such an odd, hermit fashion, that he hardly understands the real world. His opinions of love and marriage are crude and unreasonable; indeed he hasn't much faith in any one's regard. He can be very good and generous, but the softer graces of life never seem to cling to him. We agree very well, because we go our separate ways, and never seek to convert the other to any particular opinion. But in this matter I found him unusually perverse. He has not a particle of sympathy with lovers. I wish he had married like any ordinary mortal."

"You do not think he will?"

I uttered this with a kind of breathless pang, and waited for her answer, as though it might be of momentous import.

"Oh no, my dear. He is looking for impossibilities in a woman. He will never find the right union of strength and pliancy, self-dependence, and tender, yielding grace, wisdom, intelligence, beauty,—in short, perfection. Then he thinks all women more or less mercenary and actuated by selfish motives. As if it was not proper to do the best one could with one's life! Men always consider this point."

"But men do often love disinterestedly," I said slowly. "And if we made ourselves better companions for them, were not so continually filled with trifles and excitements, and convinced them that we *were* capable of reaching a high point of excellence—"

"I thought you had outgrown this foolish romance;" and she laughed lightly. "You will generally find that these studious, speculative men worship a high ideal in their brain, and end by marrying some silly doll who has hardly the taste to dress well. I am glad you have chosen so wisely, for I used to have a little fear about you. I know you cannot fail of being happy with so charming and genial a nature."

"I still think that I do not desire to trifle away my whole life. Holidays are well enough, but one does not want them forever. We are censured for being vapid and superficial, and accomplishing no real good in the world."

"Men must ridicule something and sneer a little, or they would hardly be men. But they all like laces better than Latin in a lady's boudoir, and enjoy flounces more than philosophy. It is best to leave these grave matters to clergymen and essayists. The world must have something to talk about."

She always treated serious endeavors in this light, indifferent fashion. In one sense her life had been a perfect success. She had hosts of warm friends, a splendid position, was admired, and could have won lovers by the score had she so chosen. Men of intellect and genius always paid her marked attention—I had noticed that. She could converse well and gracefully, but hers was not a high order of mind. And then I thought of Laura's triumphs. Was there any real discrimination in the world?

She was summoned to the drawing-room by the advent of some visitors. Passing me she kissed my forehead, and begged me not to be unhappy.

"Stuart will soon be aware of his folly and unreasonableness."

That did not comfort me. I was in a state of dissatisfaction and tumult. My anger against Mr. St. John seemed to be dying out. What if he *should* be right?

Oh, what was I doing. Since I had allowed myself to drift into this engagement, pride at least demanded that I should be true. I said decisively that I would learn to love. My heart should yield its sweet meed to the one who deserved the treasure.

Mr. St. John insisted that there should be no announcement of the engagement before Autumn, and that we should both consider ourselves perfectly free. I acquiesced with a haughty silence. Aylmer was very indignant, and Mrs. Lawrence annoyed.

I believe I did enjoy Aylmer's devotion for the next few days. He claimed his right of possessorship with a certain hesitancy that I did not like so well as a more masterful resolution. Is there an instinctive desire in most women to have the power taken out of their hands, to please themselves by chafing against a chain that in their inmost hearts they acknowledge to be a precious bond.

I had no sense of this. I was free, too free. Generosity and principle must sway me henceforth.

Two months ago I had met Aylmer Channing, little dreaming then how intimately he was to be concerned in my destiny. We parted tenderly, fondly; and when he was gone I felt lost and solitary in the extreme.

I had heard from my friend Anne. Her short tour ended, they had returned and taken possession of their new home, and everything was most pleasant. Mr. Otis had decided to assume the charge of Walter's education, which was exceedingly generous. Mamma would be relieved of much care—the old home ties were evidently the strongest. I fancied she was making an effort to be happy, playing with shadows; but I could no longer blame.

We went back to the old routine and began to make plans for the summer. I was not anxious for Newport, and as there was no husband to win, Mrs. Lawrence proposed short journeys to several points of interest which appeared very pleasant to me. I began to experience a strange craving for excitement. Sulphur Spring, Old Point Comfort, and Cape May, were laid down in our route. In September Philip was to be married. I cannot conceive of a lovelier picture than Ellen in her radiant contentment. I was forced to confess that here was something I lacked, and it gave me a pang of anguish. Would I ever learn my lesson?

Mr. St. John treated me to a sort of satirical patronage. I had been wild indeed to fancy his regard anything beyond the considerate care he believed he owed me. And yet there had been moments of madness when flushing cheek and kindling eye stirred every pulse of my being. Some words that I could never forget—had they any meaning? Cold as marble he seemed now, superbly indifferent to any pain or joy that I could give.

There was one day on which these remembrances came to me with a peculiar force. Just one year before I had come to Laurelwood. Mr. St. John went away in the morning; Mrs. Lawrence was busy selecting her dresses, and pointing out alterations to be made; and I, having nothing to do, roamed through the shady walks, and lingered by the sparkling fountains. A soft, droning murmur filled the air, and stooped one in

delicious languor. How heavenly beautiful the place was! I recalled so distinctly my first sensations and the pleasure they had afforded Mr. St. John. We had not harmonized, and he would be glad to have me go, doubtless. But how could I leave this Paradise? Ah, he would never guess the pang.

I felt ashamed of myself for the weakness. It had been my misfortune to meet a man, whom, if fate had been kinder, I could have loved with my whole soul. I told my heart the truth this day. But a gulf divided us. In the Babel-like confusion that had intervened, our languages had changed, and we were never to understand one another again. The tower that might have gone skyward with sweetest hopes and anticipations, lay a mass of ruins at my feet. From the fragments I must construct a new temple, alas! of the earth, earthy. The dim aspirations that had whispered to my soul of its better portion were to be hushed, thrust out as phantoms of the past. A long, wearisome march lay before me. If I could brighten it with love, well; if not, then Heaven help me!

I clasped my hands in a cry of supplication. Longing to do, yet vexed and hindered by all about me. This was the record of a year.

All along my future life at intervals there would rise a white stone—a monument for a lost hope. The glad joy of the old days stood apart. I was walking lonesomely along betwixt doubt and fear, the solemn music of the deep sea rolling between, the shores widening.

CHAPTER XIII.

The eyes will not see when the heart wishes them to be blind. Desire conceals truth as darkness does the earth.—*Seneca.*

We had a very pleasant summer. The Grahams were at the Springs, their usual resort. It was so different from Newport. A quaint old-fashioned courtesy was noticeable in most of the gentlemen, the majority of them middle aged, and heads of families. In the younger ones a certain chivalrous spirit not formalized to the rigorous requirements of fashion.

Then the jaunting around strange places interested me. Dreamy sails on the beautiful bay, winding around low, velvety shores, or sand barrens that sparkled in the summer sunlight; foliage, rich and deep, vivid in color and varied by a thousand blooms; and the broad ocean that one never wearies of; the same, and yet ever changing.

At Cape May we found quite a host of notabilities. I was more than ever struck with Mrs. Lawrence's tact and power to please. She reminds me of old tales of those wonderful French queens of society who ruled with a smile and a nod. And yet it seems singular that a woman should care so little for love. I cannot understand it. I wonder if I am weak to long for it so intensely. Life would become an utter failure to me without some satisfying happiness.

Aylmer was a constant correspondent. His letters were glowing with love and expectation, and I felt myself insensibly drawn towards him. The Channings had gone North and made a brief sojourn at Newport. While there, Aylmer had met Miss Gertrude Hastings, who was turning every one's head with her loveliness. Mrs. Varick was still abroad.

Mr. St. John had been kind and companionable, but I had shunned him considerably. I cannot tell exactly why, only that he seemed always studying me, and I came to have a nervous, apprehensive feeling regarding him. His eyes go down to the depths of one's nature in those swift, lightning glances, and I hardly felt sure enough of myself to thus tolerate another's inspection.

We had barely reached Laurelwood and resumed our accustomed state when Mrs. Westervelt and Philip presented themselves. What a rush of old memories flooded my heart at the sight of that sweet face. She was so happy in her son's joy, so fond, so thoroughly comfortable, that I half envied Ellen the mother she was to find.

At Mont Argyle they had become quite reconciled to Ellen's departure. Some news greeted me on my first visit there that gave me a sudden start of astonishment. Hugh had comforted himself with a bonnie Scotch lassie, and would bring home his wife by Christmas tide. Ellen rejoiced in this, and I was unfeignedly glad. Yet a peculiar feeling blended with the satisfaction. In this brief while he had forgotten his love for me, that he thought of the unchangeable, and his ambition. He had been found worthy of some other woman's affection, and there his quest ended.

It was right, of course. I had not held out the slightest hope, and the old dreams of me could be fraught with pain only. Was love anything beyond a present satisfaction? Out of story books, did it last, remaining more faithful to a dead hope than a living pleasure? I felt like asking with Wallenstein—"What pang is permanent with man?"

It is well that we can deck the old graves with new roses. Are we not all creatures of transient emotions? So I gave Hugh a sister's benediction.

They were decidedly gay at Mont Argyle. Troops of young people, three bridesmaids elect and their attendants, for Mrs. Graham desired that everything should be done in a manner befitting their position. Ellen was grave but sweet. Mrs. Westervelt thought her charming. I compared this with my one experience, and felt that here was promise of happiness indeed.

There was a good deal of going backwards and forwards. Philip was my attendant generally. We took up our old social intimacy, and I found very much to enjoy. Even Mr. St. John thawed in this rich and genial atmosphere.

Philip and I were riding one afternoon—his last day of grace I called it, for on the morrow he was to go to Mont Argyle, and emerge from thence a Benedict. He had been unusually silent for some time, watching me closely. I confess my spirits were rather riotous.

"What is there so peculiar about me?" I asked, at length.

He suffered his rein to fall loosely over his horse's neck, and glanced up with a sorrowful light in his clear, hazel eyes.

"There is always something peculiar about you—different from other women."

"I hate those compliments," I said, shortly. "I have not the vanity to consider myself better, so the comparison is equivocal."

"I fancied once that I held the clue to your nature. Some maze has been too tortuous for me. St. John said something this morning that astonished me greatly."

I felt my face crimson. What right had Mr. St. John to discuss me with his friend.

"Don't be vexed;" he returned, as if he understood the feeling which actuated me. "I half guessed, and made him speak against his will. About this fancy—"

"You must have been vastly amused by the description of a young woman's love affairs," I interrupted, with a bitter smile. "Mr. St. John has displayed a fine sense of honor!"

"I will not have you blame him. The fault was as much mine. And we discussed nothing. He spoke of this fancy—"

"Since it hurts his tender conscience, I will call it by its right name. Early last summer I became engaged to his cousin, Mr. Channing, but as he did not approve sufficiently, we are waiting with the utmost patience."

"And you love this Mr. Channing?"

"I will not submit to be questioned or dictated to," I returned, angrily. "Whatever choice I make, is for myself alone."

"Sydnie!"

"Am I incapable of judging what is proper for myself? Do I understand my own feelings at all?"

"Do you?" The grave, tender face was turned towards me with an appealing expression that smote me bitterly.

"You may have judged from false premises," he went on in a softer tone. "We all make mistakes sometimes."

"I believe Mr. Channing is a gentleman. Mrs. Lawrence approves my choice."

"And you confess that Mr. St. John does not?"

"He is unreasonable, and blinded by foolish prejudices."

"I met Mr. Channing in August. I will concede that he is a most elegant and accomplished gentleman, a perfect man of fashion and admitted to be fascinating. His attention appeared to be equally divided between the two belles of the day—Miss Hastings, who by the way is wonderfully beautiful, and a Miss Keith."

"Well," I said, with a provoking smile, "I am not at all jealous. Mr. St. John stipulated that we should consider ourselves entirely free. I am afraid if you bring him to the strict letter of the law, I must plead guilty also to indulging in sundry flirtations at Cape May."

"Oh, Sydnie, it pains me to see you so hard and cold. Have you not enough confidence in your friends to believe that they desire your happiness above all other considerations?"

"When I seek it in their fashion, perhaps. But I dare to believe that I can judge the most wisely for myself."

"My dear friend, you are standing on the threshold of that sweetest of all lives, a woman's. With your peculiar organization, your capability for intense emotions, you have great power for joy or sorrow. There is such a heavenly influence in a true, earnest life. How will you answer to your own soul if you pervert your good gifts to inferior uses?"

"I fancied you, of all others, thought love a woman's highest glory, her purest spiritual development."

"When it *is* love," and he gave me a sad, furtive glance. "Are you satisfied to accept the gay world as your portion?"

"I find it pleasant while one is young. When I tire of it I can take up the graver matters of life," I said, carelessly.

"It may be too late for happiness. I cannot bear to have you trifle with these most sacred things. I want to see the sweetness of your heart expand and ripen in choicest fruitage. It is worthy of better sustenance than these poor mockeries you thrust upon it. When I see you yielding your life wholly to pleasure, bearing restraint and truth so impatiently, I tremble for you."

"I do not feel it an imperative duty to fulfill every one's extravagant desires concerning me," I said coldly.

"How you have changed! Forgive my preaching; I know it has annoyed you, but I feel for you a most profound and sacred friendship. Oh, if you could realize what true and fervent hearts are interested in your welfare, you would pause and hesitate ere you took any irremediable step. For with you a wreck would be terrible."

My blood seemed to falter slowly through my veins. I was more deeply moved than I cared to show. Indeed there was but one step to take to convince these two men that I was not rushing madly to destruction. There was a time when Mr. St. John might have saved me, but he had not cared. Even now his face rose before me in all its mocking pride and masterly strength. Confess to him that I had been in the wrong! Take his censures meekly! No, I could not swallow so bitter a draught.

"I suspect I am merely a common-place woman after all, since ordinary people and events have the power to satisfy me. I am quite content to take life as it comes. I began with some Utopian ideas, but I have found them of little account, and grown wiser."

"Quite satisfied. You can say that?"

We had been ambling slowly along, and now he laid his hand on the mane of my horse, looking steadily into my eyes, his own torturing in the infinite depth of their pathos.

"Satisfied;" and I gave a gay nod.

"You have disappointed me bitterly, bitterly; and not only me—"

I could bear no more, and touching Selim, bounded away. Why did they all conspire to drive me wild, to make me do all manner of reckless deeds? I longed to plunge into the cool, green forest and shut them out of my sight. Why had I ever come here to be tormented with visions of bliss, and know they could never be mine, to stretch forth my hand for the golden fruit and receive only an empty husk. Whose fault was it? The tide of circumstances had proved too strong for me.

As if to make amends, Philip was most gracious and gentle that evening. Every look, every act told me that his friendship would remain mine until the latest moment. If another had been thus kind in some of my desperate needs!

The marriage was perfect, the party delightful. Philip and Ellen started on their life journey amid showers of congratulations and good wishes. The rest had a gala time, the country element giving it a peculiar zest. What dances and merriment! General Graham was the most charming of hosts. It was with no little pride that he announced his expectations of doing this over again for his son in a few months. I was pleased to be as great a favorite as ever, to find that in the general joy no one recurred to my unfortunate episode.

We were in quite a reasonable state of existence when Aylmer made his appearance. I had been looking forward to this with an inexplicable dread, but it vanished speedily. Did I really love him more than I knew?

"I have counted the days of my banishment," he said with his rapturous fervor. "Each one brought me nearer to you, my darling. How wearisome they have been to me, filled up with trifles, the one great joy always missed, you can never know. But I have you again, my own, my own!"

Was there anything to doubt here? The kindling eye, the glowing cheek and tender voice gave no room for distrust. And then I never could make myself mistrustful of him, no matter what others said. Was it the result of overwhelming faith, or lack of that intense love which is so easily tortured and depressed?

The season was at the height of its glory. I believe the sights and sounds of nature touched me more keenly than any link connecting me with humanity. Laurelwood was like a brilliant picture. Knolls of richest shrubbery, burnished by the umber softened sunshine of autumn, the emerald tint of the lawns broken by clusters of bright, nodding blossoms; the drowsy babble of stream and fountain, and over all skies of such royal loveliness! I just wanted to ride and ramble continually, to live in the present and take no thought of the future.

"My darling, I have the most delightful tidings for you," Aylmer said one morning, drawing me out on the balcony, his own face suffused with joy and hope. "St. John has consented to a marriage at any time we may appoint."

I hid my face on his shoulder, rejecting the kisses so freely proffered. A bolt of destiny seemed to strike and transfix me. The sunshine fell at my feet with a cold glitter, the very loveliness of the earth mocked me, chilled me.

"The barrier between us and complete happiness no longer exists. We are blest beyond compare. Why do you not rejoice with me, dearest?" And he strove to read the secret I was thrusting into a nameless grave.

"It is so sudden," I murmured.

"Oh, my love, forgive my abruptness. One can hardly come from such waiting to bliss at a bound."

"No," I said, "I cannot make it real."

"It has been cruel in St. John to subject you to such a trial. He is convinced at last of the truth of our regard."

"Yes." It was a knell of hope to me.

"But you haven't told me how happy it renders you?"

"Do you need words?" I asked slowly.

"No, I can believe. I am not one of those miserable, suspicious people who have no faith. You will find me generous there, my darling."

Too generous. If he had demanded a fuller confession, if he had made me feel the sacredness of the trust I was accepting, it would have been much better for me. Was it because the love was so tender, or the heart so easily satisfied?

"Let us take a turn in the grounds," I said, for I felt if I stood another instant in his careless embrace, I must break away from it, or utter some wild cry—motion, change, anything!

"You don't feel this as I do," he went on. "Why I am all in a quiver of joyous excitement. The very trees seem to dance before my vision, and the birds never sang such marvellous songs."

"I suppose I take matters more quietly. I wonder if we are really suited to each other?" I said with an effort.

"I shall not allow you to think treason," and he gave me a bright, winsome smile.

"It is well to consider—"

"I will not have you growing grave when I have reached the summit of earthly hope. St. John has sulked and been morose as a bear, considering; so we really have no hard work to do. I am glad he at last consents to be decently gracious; and now, my darling, you have only to name the day. I am most anxious to take you into my keeping."

Unconsciously I had been making this very consent a sort of test. I asked myself, as I had many times before, if it was at all probable that I should meet with the very destiny that I desired above all others? I would marry some time, the most of women did, and since this had come to me, since I could render Aylmer supremely happy and have a charming life myself, why go on waiting for impossible events.

"It takes you a long while to think of the day," he said playfully.

"There is no need of haste," I returned almost coldly.

"But listen, love. It was May when we were first engaged, now it is September. Surely you do not need to test my affection after this probation! I do not see any necessity for delay."

"We will not attempt too much in one day," I said, with an attempt at gayety. "I must have a talk with Mrs. Lawrence."

"And she is my strongest ally. I shrewdly suspect she converted St. John to our mode of thinking."

We rambled through the walks, he so engrossed with his own feelings that he never sought to fathom mine. I could illy have borne the scrutiny; and yet, so unreasonable are we, the very leniency annoyed me.

"I cannot spare you a moment," he said as I made a motion to go indoors. "If you knew how much I longed for you, you would make the delay brief as possible. Be merciful!"

My heart smote me for my waywardness and want of faith. I made a new resolve that I would give him the love I owed, the duty our promise demanded.

"So it is all settled," Mrs. Lawrence exclaimed as I entered her room. "My dear, I congratulate you. Such a brilliant marriage, too! I expended my utmost eloquence upon Stuart last night, and convinced him that he was seriously interfering with your happiness, and this morning I was delighted to find him in a more amiable frame of mind. Why he should ever have acted so foolishly I cannot divine."

Was there any cause underlying his solicitude for me?

"Aylmer is wild with delight. I don't believe I could have found a happier destiny for you. And it will make no rupture in our friendship. I have really grown attached to you, and feel perfectly satisfied with your prospects."

When the bell rang for lunch I found Aylmer waiting in the hall. His manner had acquired something quite new, a certain air of possession that gave him the position he had lacked before as a lover. I was not sure but the majority would consider him more attractive than Mr. St. John in all his gloomy dignity.

I felt a little awkward and confused, but Mrs. Lawrence's fine tact covered this admirably. Aylmer showed no disposition to triumph, and in my heart I thanked him for the generosity.

Mr. St. John took no notice of me until evening, then he did deign to congratulate me in a formal manner, and assure me of his interest in my welfare. I could see that it was a mere matter of duty.

The next day we fell into some dispute, trifling enough at first, but he soon exasperated me by his cool, satirical sentences. He talked at me, rather than to me. Something of high aims forsaken, noble purposes perverted, the great trust of life betrayed. He made such bitter, sweeping assertions, he was so manifestly unjust, that I absolutely shrunk from the hard, narrow soul, whose glamor had once so nearly conquered mine. Where had I found anything lovable in him? What tenderness or generosity could a woman expect who ventured to disagree with him in never so slight a particular! Aylmer was right—no one could be happy with such a tyrant.

I believe I should have been well satisfied, but for the talk of marriage. Aylmer's plan caught Mrs. Lawrence's attention at once—that immediately after our wedding we were to go to Washington. The winter promised to be unusually gay. In that case Mrs. Lawrence would spend a month or two there also.

"A most auspicious debut," Mrs. Lawrence declared. "The fates seem to place every thing desirable in your way. Next summer you can go abroad and win triumphs."

As if I was to consider only the attention I excited. Did this homage ever satisfy a woman's heart?

"I believe you like cross, sullen and uncomfortable people," Aylmer said one day, "or you would be glad to marry and go away just to escape the glowering looks of St. John. He cannot endure the sight of happiness."

Did ever a woman like taunts better than love?

Every day the net seemed drawing more closely around me. What was I waiting for—hope of escape?

Now and then I examined my heart. I *did* desire to love Aylmer Channing, and I felt comparatively satisfied. Why should a stray glance of Mr. St. John's have power to disturb me?

"Stuart," Aylmer said at length, "I want you to assure Miss Adriance that you feel perfectly satisfied to yield your claim as her guardian in my behalf. She cannot resolve to decide upon the exact period when I may take her into my keeping."

"You are mistaken when you suppose that anything I could say would influence Miss Adriance," Mr. St. John replied with a little hauteur.

"You will say it, at least."

Aylmer's voice was boyishly pleading, and his lustrous eyes glanced up with infinite entreaty.

"Miss Adriance knows that if I had not been entirely convinced of the fact that her happiness depended upon this marriage, I should not have consented."

"There, you hear, Sydnie! When everything and everybody conspire to make you happy, why will you resist?" and he turned in triumph.

"You are all in such urgent haste," and I tried to laugh.

"I've settled upon Christmas, Stuart."

"I don't see what objection Miss Adriance can make to the time if she means to marry at all."

Mr. St. John's face was calm as he spoke, but his eyes shrouded in impenetrable reticence. Yet something warned me that I was at the very verge of a volcano.

"Have it as you like," I said carelessly.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times. Isabelle, I have won!" and Aylmer's voice trembled with the deep excitement of satisfaction.

I took half a dozen steps toward him and laid my hand in his, saying in a tone of emotion—

"God willing, I consent to become your wife that day."

Awful words that bound me irrevocably! I fancied that I had made the last struggle then and was at peace.

Aylmer snatched my hand and pressed it to his lips rapturously. But another revelation greeted my astonished vision. St. John's hands met in a passionate, nervous clasp, and his intense eyes settled upon Aylmer as if he could have hurled him to the uttermost part of the earth. So fierce and terrible that I stood positively magnetized, my very breath chilled. And then glance encountered glance. Was it love or hate or disdain or revenge, that we read in each other's eyes?

"Heaven help us both," I felt tempted to cry.

He walked carelessly out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ By the will of the late Dr. Potter of Cincinnati, one of the bequests was made subject to the condition that the legatee should abstain during his life from the use of tobacco in any of the forms "which depraved human ingenuity could invent." The other heirs have the right to recover the bequest, if, after the death of the testator, the legatee should return to the use of tobacco, "a habit," says the testator, "which dwarfs the intellect of every man who adopts it."

☞ Dickens is imaginative. At his last reading he called the gout, of which he was the victim, "a neuralgic affection of the foot."

A Wonderful Telescope.

It is stated that a German glassmaker has recently made a remarkable discovery. He has invented a telescope, or magnifying glass, by means of which the most intricate nerves and vessels inside the body may be seen from the outside. In fact, the whole arrangement and action of the interior organs may, by means of this glass, be distinguished. The discovery will probably be of immense benefit to mankind, as, by means of it, the physician will be able to determine, with unvarying accuracy, the nature of any particular disease, and the proper manner for treating the same. The name of the inventor, who will probably realize a fortune from his discovery, is Gottlieb Juntz. He is very poor, but a well-read and highly intelligent man. He has an aged mother, an invalid wife, six children and a blind sister, all dependent upon him for support. His mother was well acquainted with the poet Goethe, and it was, probably, her many anecdotes of this illustrious person which first inspired her son with a desire to do something to win the respect and esteem of his fellow men. The glass he has made will probably place him among the first rank of inventors, and win for him the esteem of whole nations. By means of this invention he has already nearly cured his wife. Six months ago a well-known doctor said she could not live, and pronounced her disease to be an affection of the heart. Juntz has, however, proved to him, with the aid of the wonderful telescope, that he was entirely mistaken—the stomach alone being the part affected.

☞ Washington sculpture gets this honorable mention in a recent letter from the capital: "The town is full of statues of dwarfs, cripples, rocking-horses, and drunken Indians. Washington, nearly naked, sits out in the rain colossally, pointing to the Patent Office, where his breeches are. Lincoln is a base-ball pitcher on the top of a column. A pea-green Jefferson, deaf and dumb, is asking alms, with a paper, before the White House. Near by General Jackson is riding to victory in a landscape of foaming mugs of lager beer."

☞ The New York *Clipper*, referring to the fact that the leading article in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly is on "The Turf and the Trotting Horse," says: "We expect shortly to find in the Atlantic articles with such titles as these—'Samuel Collyer, Anatomically considered,' by Dr. O. W. Holmes; 'Mr. Barney Aaron and the Norsemen Fighters,' by Professor Longfellow; 'M. McCoole and M. Thiers, or the Ring and the Rostrum,' by Charles Sumner; 'Concerning Blows Below the Belt,' by the Country Parson, etc. Ourself the pioneer in the cause of physical and sporting education in this country, we hail with complacent satisfaction such conversions as that of the Atlantic Monthly."

☞ The editor of the Cynthiana (Ky.) News, in making an appeal to his subscribers who are in arrears to pay up, says:

"We hope they will 'settle' without delay. Not that we need the money—Oh, no! Our ink is given to us, we steal our paper, and we win our printer's wages at 'seven up.' So it costs us nothing to carry on business. Nevertheless, as a matter of accommodation, and to ease their consciences, we will take what they owe us, if they will send it in immediately."

☞ In Chicago the other day, some one rose in the noon prayer meeting and stated that the Erring Women's Refuge in that city was in great need, and asked the prayers of the meeting in its behalf. One of Chicago's richest men, who is believed to be somewhat minute in his contributions to benevolent objects, volunteered at once to lead the meeting in a prayer in behalf of the institution named. He had scarcely closed, when Mr. D. L. Moody got to his feet and said that it was wrong for us to ask God to do what he had given us the power to do ourselves. "The idea," said he, "of a man who can draw a check for one hundred thousand dollars, asking God to give money to the Erring Women's Refuge is preposterous! Let him give it himself."

☞ The Forsyth (Ga.) Advertiser says that the tax imposed upon Monroe county to pay the *pro rata* proportion of the expenses of the Atlanta Convention will be about $2,200, of which the negroes pay only *one dollar and eighteen cents.*

☞ A Cincinnati court has decided that the relationship between step-daughter and step-father ceases on the death of the wife and mother.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been quiet. About 8000 bbls sold at $5.75@6 ₱ for superfine; $9.25@10.50 for extra; $10.50@11.87½ for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $10.50@12 for Penna extra family; $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13.50@15.25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—450 bbls sold, in lots, at $9.50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in fair demand. 25,000 bus of Penna and Southern red sold at $2.87@2.90 for prime; $2.80@2.85 for fair to good, and $2.70@2.75 for common; 1000 bus of amber at $2.16, and 2500 bus of white at $3@3.20 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—2100 bus of prime Penna sold at $1.90@2 ₱ bus. Corn—37,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1.30@1.32; 20,000 bus of yellow at $1.31@1.35, and 5000 bus of white at $1.15@1.17 ₱ bus. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 88@90c for Western; 85@86c for Penns, and 83@86c ₱ bus for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $20, and prime at $26@27. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $28. Beef Hams sell at $38@40 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 400 tcs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@24c; Sides at 17½@18½c; and Shoulders at 15@15½c ₱ lb. Green Meats—Sales of 600 tcs pickled Hams at 19½@20c, and salt shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 20@20½c ₱ lb; and kegs, in small lots, at 21c ₱ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@35c, and roll at 20@45c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 16@16½c ₱ lb.

BARK—13 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $65 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 44@45c ₱ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice Western are reported at 50@80c ₱ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron continues dull; sales of Anthracite at $38@39 for No 1; $36@37 for No 2, and $33.50@34 ₱ ton for hard.

SEEDS—Cloverseed. We quote at $5@5.50 for fair to prime Penna, and $6 per bus for good to prime Western. Timothy; 700 bus sold at $2.50@2.75 ₱ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2.65 ₱ bus.

WOOL—Small sales are reported at 58@60c for double extra; 50@53c for extra, 50@52c for fine; 48@50c for medium; 40@45c for coarse; 50@57c for tub, and 40@43c ₱ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $30 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—2500 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₱ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $13.50 to 14.75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Great Telegraphic Feat.

The most extraordinary telegraphic feat on record is the transmission of an extraordinary message from London to San Francisco. The wires in America were joined up for experiment from Heart's Content to California, and the message was sent from Valentia at twenty-one minutes past seven in the morning; the acknowledgment of its receipt was received back in Valentia at twenty-three minutes past seven, the whole operation having only occupied two minutes; the distance travelled was about 14,000 miles, and the message arrived, according to San Francisco time, at twenty minutes past eleven on the evening of January 31, or the day preceding that on which it left England. A Dublin editor considers it unnecessary to send a message at all, since a telegram reaches its destination ten or fifteen hours before it is sent!

☞ Some persons fall on the highway of life because they cannot be this or that eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves? No person, who ever has, or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most of that? Since you cannot grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own excellencies. Give them air. Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you cannot go to college, should you therefore foreswear the alphabet? Because you cannot build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own?

☞ A recent medical writer argues that tight fitting hats cause much of the baldness among gentlemen. He points to the luxurious hair in many cases below the hat rim, as proof of his theory.

Rangoon, March 3, 1868.

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Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.
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Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.
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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
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Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Blumarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.
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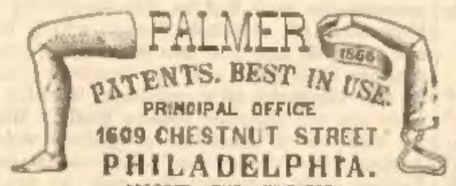

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Carry Me On."

The only case we remember which fully illustrates how lazy a person can get, is that of a man who, being too lazy to work, and on the verge of starvation, was made the subject of a consultation, on the part of his neighbors. They finally decided to bury him alive. As they were bearing him along to the grave, a Quaker, leaning over his gate, inquired:

"Friends, where do you go with that man?"

"He is too lazy to work, and we are going to bury him," they replied.

"Thee should not do so hard a thing as that," replied the Quaker. "Let him be idle if he will not work."

"But he is starving."

"Then I will send him some corn from my granary."

Upon this liberal offer there seemed to be no resort but to let the man live, when he, turning to the Quaker, inquired:

"Is it shelled?"

"No," replied the Quaker.

"Will you shell it for me?"

"I'll see thee starve first," replied the irate disciple of William Penn.

"Carry me on then," replied the vagabond, "I thought you had no real charity in your heart."

The Ill-looking Horse.

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply—but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark—"He's not look very good"

The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute inspection, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made the purchase and took him home. A few days afterwards he returned to the seller, in high dudgeon, and declared he had been cheated in the quality of the horse.

"Vat is de matter?" said the Frenchman.

"Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter enough—the horse can't see! he is blind as a bat!"

"Ah!" said the Frenchman—"Vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look very good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all."

Popular Fallacies.

That you can receive one dollar a day, spend two, and get rich.

That to do a man a favor and then refuse another won't make him twice as mad as if you had refused him at first.

That when a man presents you a hound pup the gift will cost you nothing.

That when you buy on credit, knowing very well you will not be able to pay, it is not stealing.

That next year the taxes are to be lighter.

That every other man is bound to die except you.

That if you have a good cause in love, war or law, pitch in—you are bound to win.

That you can play draw poker and lose just so much and no more.

That there is one way, known only to yourself, to break a faro bank.

That when you buy a horse he will be certain to turn out as represented.

That when you undertake to sell one, you are not going to lie about his qualities.

That if you always say what you think, you will win the regard of the entire community.

Rev. Dr. Beecher.

We have heard a good anecdote of the father of the Beecher family, which we do not find in his biography.

Some years since, he was going home one night with a volume of an encyclopedia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk, as might have been expected, opened his battery with a return of fire so well directed, that the divine was glad to retreat. When he arrived at home, his friends could scarcely come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was compelled to bury them.

Some time after this, some one published a pamphlet, speaking very abusively of the worthy doctor, who was asked—

"Why don't you publish a book, and put him down at once?"

His reply was prompt and to the point:

"Sir, I have learned better. Some years ago, I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to repeat the experiment."

A Precocious Youth.

A friend tells us of a lady who was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years—a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother.

When she had finished the story the following dialogue ensued:—

Mother—Now, my little man, if your papa was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother?

Boy—(Not relishing the idea of work.) Why, ma, what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?

Mother—Oh, yes, child, but we can't eat the house, you know.

Boy—Well, ain't we got flour and sugar and other things in the store-room?

Mother—Certainly we have, my dear boy, but they won't last long—and what then?

Boy—Well, ma, ain't there enough to last until you get another husband?

A roar of laughter ended the colloquy.

"FATHER, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You said, 'One word more and I have done.' Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you'd promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

VERY LIKELY.

"Now, sir, if he does anything you don't like, give him a jolly good leathering."

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Just a picture of somebody's child—
Sweet face set in its golden hair,
Violet eyes, and cheeks of rose,
Rounded chin, with a dimple there;

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
Lit from within by a secret ray;
Tender eyes that will shine like stars
When love and womanhood come this way;

Scarlet lips with a story to tell—
Blessed be he who shall find it out!
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
And read the heart with never a doubt.

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips;
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks;
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see,
Only a child in her careless grace;
When love and womanhood come this way
Will any thing sadden the flower-like face?

Instinct Without Brains.

Long ago, it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears so much upon the domain of reason, we are accustomed to say they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of the phenomena in the higher orders of organic life which have their origin in the brain. If that organ is severely injured, so that its normal functions are no longer performed, consciousness and orderly manifestations of its influence are interrupted or suspended. But the insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction, without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits, independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself. When by accident a thread of a spider's web is broken, the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and, by taking different positions, surveys the damage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord. Again, when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard to the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, show beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain. A very nice question here very naturally suggests itself, which learned expounders of physiological laws are respectfully requested to explain.

Abuse of Privilege.

"Don't cut me down! Consider how old I am," said the Tree to the Woodman, who stood to deliberate, and replied—

"Old? well *that* you are, but are you sound?"

"Sound? there's not a bit of good timber in me, and hasn't been for years. I'm little else but touchwood," said the Tree.

"Well, but I suppose you will put out leaves to look pleasant in the summer?" said the Woodman.

"Leaves! alas no leaves have I put forth for many summers," cried the Tree, "I am so *very* old."

"Is that it? then down with you. It's plain, if there's no hope of getting use or ornament from you, you ought to give place to others; you've been on the ground long enough."

Not Always Fair to Judge of Others by Ourselves.

Nobody could think what made Mr. Pug, the new pet's, nose so black.

"*I* know what it is," said Miss Floss, the lapdog; "he's been upsetting the ink, that's it"—a severe beating for doing the same in her lady's boudoir being fresh in her memory.

"No, miss, it's not that; he's been routing among the pots," said the turnspit, who often got a kick and a cuff from cook for meddling with her affairs in that way.

"You're wrong, both of you," said Grumps, the old housedog, who was renowned for his surliness; "it's his bad tempers—they've all settled in his face; bad tempers always make black looks!"

A Japanese Party at Breakfast.

The food of the Japanese consists of a great variety of vegetables—seaweeds not excepted—of game, poultry and fish, which last is the standing dish of every Japanese table. Flesh meat, except venison, is very seldom eaten by them. Rice is used instead of bread, and tea is taken at every meal. Fruits and sweetmeats are also much used. The food is cut up in small pieces, and then served up in basins of porcelain, or japanned wood, on a small wooden salver, apart to each. They use chopsticks, like the Chinese. Soup they generally drink directly out of the bowl, though occasionally a porcelain spoon is used. The place of honor among them is the *left* hand, because the swords are worn on that side.

The Japanese are noted for their hospitality. Not content with inviting guests to a grand dinner, they expect them to bring servants with them, that they may carry off with them what they are unable to eat at table! They astonished Commodore Perry and his officers by taking away all that was left of the feast which he gave them on board his flagship, and by sending on board all that was left of the feast which they gave to him and his officers on shore!

Sagacity of the Dog.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying by the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, but said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, which appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his lookout; but on the false alarm being given the third time, the dog got up, and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him; on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

VIOLET-TIME.

Violet-time is come again;
Once more laughing through the rain,
Spring with sunny crown advances,
Sunshine glittering on his lances.

Long live Spring!—the rainbow arch
Greets his coronation march;
Green his banners, free and brave,
From each tree-top rustling wave.

Birds before him fly in crowds;
Fast above him float the clouds;
Swifter run rejoicing rivers;
Sunbeam darts are in his quivers.

Where he treads, primroses rise,
And the daisies ope their eyes;
Blackbirds sing in every bush,
Answering the merry thrush.

Swallows are his heralds fleet,
Faster than the pulses beat;
Buttertlies between the showers,
Tell the glad news to the flowers.

Our old monarch, Winter, 's dead;
His crown is on another head;
Sunbeams chase the envious rain;
Violet-time is come again.

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow.*

☞ Victory belongs to him who is constant in faith and courage.

AGRICULTURAL.

Superphosphates.

Several of our agricultural friends have written to us, asking which *kind* of "superphosphate" we would recommend them to purchase. Certainly there ought to be only *one kind* of superphosphate, and that a genuine superphosphate of lime, containing at least ten per cent. of soluble phosphoric acid, and an equal quantity of insoluble, in addition to the phosphate of lime. We do not know of any brand we can recommend as being properly manufactured, genuine superphosphate of lime. If there is any in the market, we have not been able to find it, and we have searched diligently. As the inquiries are presented, we can make no answer. If the question should assume another form—"What compounds, composts, or mixtures, such as are put up in barrels, and labelled 'superphosphate,' we would recommend"—we should still be unable to reply; as we have found these mixtures to vary so exceedingly in fertilizing value, little reliance can be placed upon them. In *color*, some are quite dark; others gray, or light yellow. In *odor*, one is like fish offal, another like carrion; others have a sulphurous smell. The color is due to an admixture of charcoal, or bone-coal or sugar-refiners' waste, in varying quantities. As regards the origin of the differing odors, we suppose, when the manufacturers run short of cheap fish pomace, they substitute dead cats and dogs, or other decomposing flesh. As a rule, that "superphosphate" which has the darkest color and the most abominable smell, sells the best, as it is regarded the "strongest." Manufacturers understand this, and take advantage of it. True, genuine "superphosphate" is almost *colorless*, and has but a faint acid smell, not in the least unpleasant. To manufacture such, all that is required is to dissolve fine bone-dust in oil of vitriol,—150 lbs. of the former to 80 of the latter, with the addition of sufficient water to form an intimate and perfect mixture. In the home manufacture of this fertilizer, 60 lbs of acid, with 150 of fine bone, may be employed, as it is better to avoid the risk of any free acid remaining in the mixture after the action is over. We have given, in a former number of the Journal, full directions for making superphosphate upon the farm. Farmers can and should make their own superphosphate.—*Dr. Nichols's Journal of Chemistry.*

Agricultural Items.

—After the horse is nine years old, it is said that a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve, if four, he is thirteen, etc.

—The pursuit of agriculture, with diligence and prudence, seldom fails of yielding, if not wealth, a moderate independence. For the farmer who is not in debt, and the produce of whose farm is sufficient, with industry and frugality, to support his family, is in reality, independent in his circumstances as though he were worth a million.

—I have used manure only as a top dressing for the last 26 years, and I do think one load used in that way is worth far more than two ploughed under on our stiff land. I learned by experience never to dispute any practice in farming until I had tried it. It was an able writer on pigeon weed, more than 35 years ago, that cured me of self confidence.—*John Johnson, in Geneseo Farmer.*

—Never feed your cattle in the yard without a "rack." Economy rightly enough shrugs her shoulders at so slovenly a practice. The actual loss to the farmer from this waste is equal to the cost of half a dozen racks and the expense of keeping them in complete repairs for years. Any farmer who has an axe, saw and auger, can make one.

—The latest horticultural device is that of removing the stones from fruits by a process of gradual reduction, by extracting the pith from shoots and grafting them on stocks, and their own branches, for successive seasons. The experiment has been perfectly successful with the Malaga grape.

—At a recent meeting of the Pomological Society of the state of Ohio, it was reported that the apples in Northern Ohio have greatly deteriorated in the past thirty years. Peaches, from general and spontaneous growth, have come to need care and cultivation. Three thousand acres of grapes are under cultivation in Erie and Ottawa counties, including the islands of Lake Erie, from which it is estimated that two hundred thousand gallons of wine were produced during the last year.

RECEIPTS.

RHUBARB.—The best way of cooking this delicious substitute for fruit is to *bake* it. Cut up the stalks into a pie-dish of nice white or yellow earthen-ware, sprinkle sugar over, cover with a plate, set in the oven and bake fifteen or twenty minutes, just long enough to be tender and retain its fresh green color, like green apples. It is an excellent supper dish to eat with bread and butter or cream.

SALADS.—It is a great mistake to soak lettuces for salad; the process materially injures their flavor; though still, if your vegetables be at all stale, you had better let them lie in water for an hour or two; and small salad, such as cresses, radishes, etc., require very thorough washing. But a fine, freshly-gathered lettuce should be only well rinsed, shaken and well wiped with a soft cloth, then shred into small pieces. You can add, according to taste, cresses of any kind, or radishes scraped and sliced; also, beet-root, and, if desired, spring onions, chopped fine. A few fresh-gathered leaves of green mint are by many people esteemed a great improvement. If you do not care to make a regular salad-dressing, just season lightly with pepper and salt, throw in one tablespoonful of best salad oil, two of vinegar, and a large teaspoonful of moist sugar. Mix all well together with the salad-spoon and fork, and serve.

WHITE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter; one-half cup of cream; two cups of sugar; three cups of flour, and the whites only of four eggs. Flavor with fresh lemon juice.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 69 letters.

My 66, 28, 33, 1, 18, 60, was a celebrated mathematician.
My 33, 2, 12, 20, 61, 17, a Roman general wounded in twenty-three places.
My 15, 8, 62, 57, 27, 3, a city built by the Romans A. D. 50.
My 21, 24, 9, 38, 52, 4, founded University of Oxford.
My 13, 58, 48, 44, 10, 14, 6, 16, one of the great arts.
My 7, 14, 36, 58, 2, 24, 50, 21, 38, is a celebrated stronghold.
My 5, 53, 31, 55, 47, 22, 17, 69, prevents crime.
My 21, 40, 43, 49, 61, 6, 60, 32, 58, a great general who died from intoxication.
My 34, 67, 8, 20, lived nine centuries.
My 7, 21, 38, 18, 36, 2, 24, 57, 48, a notorious revolutionist of this day.
My 23, 29, 27, 40, 51, 19, 25, made a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea.
My 26, 41, 49, 5, 33, 27, is the scene of continual revolution.
My 56, 37, 65, 11, 2, 42, 59, 44, is the city of Elms.
My 30, 61, 1, 64, 14, 35, 6, 58, 39, is Monumental City.
My 35, 27, 44, 20, 8, 55, 68, 30, is the name of a battle of the Revolution; British defeated.
My 7, 54, 51, 3, 45, is where a great treaty was made.
My 46, 2, 47, 64, 48, 62, 18, 20, was on trial seven years.

My whole is a great event in American history. H. W. BROWN.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 6, 11, 8, is the name of a tree.
My 13, 9, 14, 3, is a part of the foot.
My 11, 2, 10, is a river in Asia.
My 13, 9, 10, 7, 14, 11, is the Greek word for Mercury.
My 7, 6, 10, 11, is the name of one of the planets.
My 4, 9, 1, 2, 11, is a man's name.
My 12, 6, 15, 5, 12, 9, is a cup.

My whole is the name of a celebrated astronomer. WM. R. BURDIE.
Gaines, Tioga Co., Pa.

Riddle.

My 1st is in fun, but not in laugh,
My 2nd is in goblet, but not in quaff;
My 3rd is in honey, but not in sweet,
My 4th is in welcome, but not in meet;
My 5th is in garden, but not in gloom,
My 6th is in scent, but not perfume;
My whole are worthy our love and care,
For they make the roughness of this world fair.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

I bought a quantity of cloth for 360 dollars, and the number of yards was 2½ times the number of dollars I gave per yard. How many yards did I buy—and at what rate? WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

If I throw 10 dice, what is the chance that I will turn up 6 aces?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What liquor would a lover like to be? Ans.—Beside her.

☞ When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it is a sky-light.

☞ When is a baby not a baby? Ans.—When it's a tea thing.

☞ Why does a dog gnaw a bone? Ans.—Because he can't swallow it whole.

Answer to Last.

RIDDLE—The Present.

DRESSING FOR SALADS.—The essential ingredients are: good cider vinegar, pure mustard, fresh eggs, and sweet oil made of olives—not of lard. Begin with a teaspoonful of dry mustard in a soup plate; add nearly an equal quantity of salt, a little vinegar, and beat to a paste; then add the yolk of a fresh egg, and after thoroughly rubbing and mingling all with a silver fork or spoon, add about half a tablespoonful of sweet oil, and stir until it is smooth. It will probably then have a shining, greasy look; add a *few drops* of vinegar, and it will, when stirred, at once thicken up, and lose the greasy look entirely. When all is smooth and uniform, add more oil, and again, a very little vinegar, if necessary, to produce the same effect. Our rule is to add as much oil as we can cause to be entirely taken up, and to stop before either the addition of more oil or vinegar will cause to thicken. The dressing should be smooth as whipped cream, and this, indeed, thoroughly beaten up with the white of the egg or eggs, is an addition to the dressing which increases its delicacy and delicousness. In a good salad dressing the oil loses its oiliness, but pervades the whole with its flavor, and while the sharpness of the mustard, salt, and vinegar, entirely disappear, each ingredient adds a peculiar piquancy to the agreeable compound, which by contrast only heightens the crispy freshness of the lettuce, and brings out its flavor. The egg may be omitted, and you will still have a nice dressing, if the oil is good. Lettuce, water-cress, endive, and celery, make fine salads. Dandelion, sorrel, and some other plants, are occasionally used. Salads are very appetising, and may well have a place every day upon the table.

TO BROIL A SWEETBREAD.—Parboil it, rub it with butter, and broil it over a slow fire, turn it frequently, and baste it now and then by putting it into a plate kept warm by the fire with butter in it.

☞ It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.